

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO US ALL

### CLEMENCEAU THE CRUSADER

#### EXPLAINING FRANCE TO AMERICA

#### Old Statesman's Bold Journey Across the Atlantic

#### "IF AMERICA HAD NOT LEFT US"

A famous old man of 82 knocked at the door of White House in Washington the other day and had a talk with President Harding. Then he went to the new Lincoln Memorial, and was thrilled by the national monument America has set up to its greatest president. Then he went on and on like an enthusiastic traveller seeing the world.

He was Clemenceau, the most famous statesman of France.

Whatever view is taken of M. Clemenceau and his influence on his country's history one cannot but feel that this old man's journey to America, alone and unsupported, to persuade the American people to change their attitude toward France is a fine spectacle.

#### Men Who Made the Peace

Here is a fiery old gentleman in his 82nd year, the most independent man in France, setting out as a solitary crusader to win over a great nation because he knew it when he was in his prime and can use its language vigorously as his weapon.

When France was in a fix she called him to help her, and he answered the call. At the close of the Great War he was the spokesman of France. He represented her soul. He, with President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, made the Peace, as far as treaty-making would do it. The Treaty of Versailles, though chiefly influenced, no doubt, by the Frenchman, was the agreed work of the three; and M. Clemenceau had faith that what the three agreed upon the three countries would sanction.

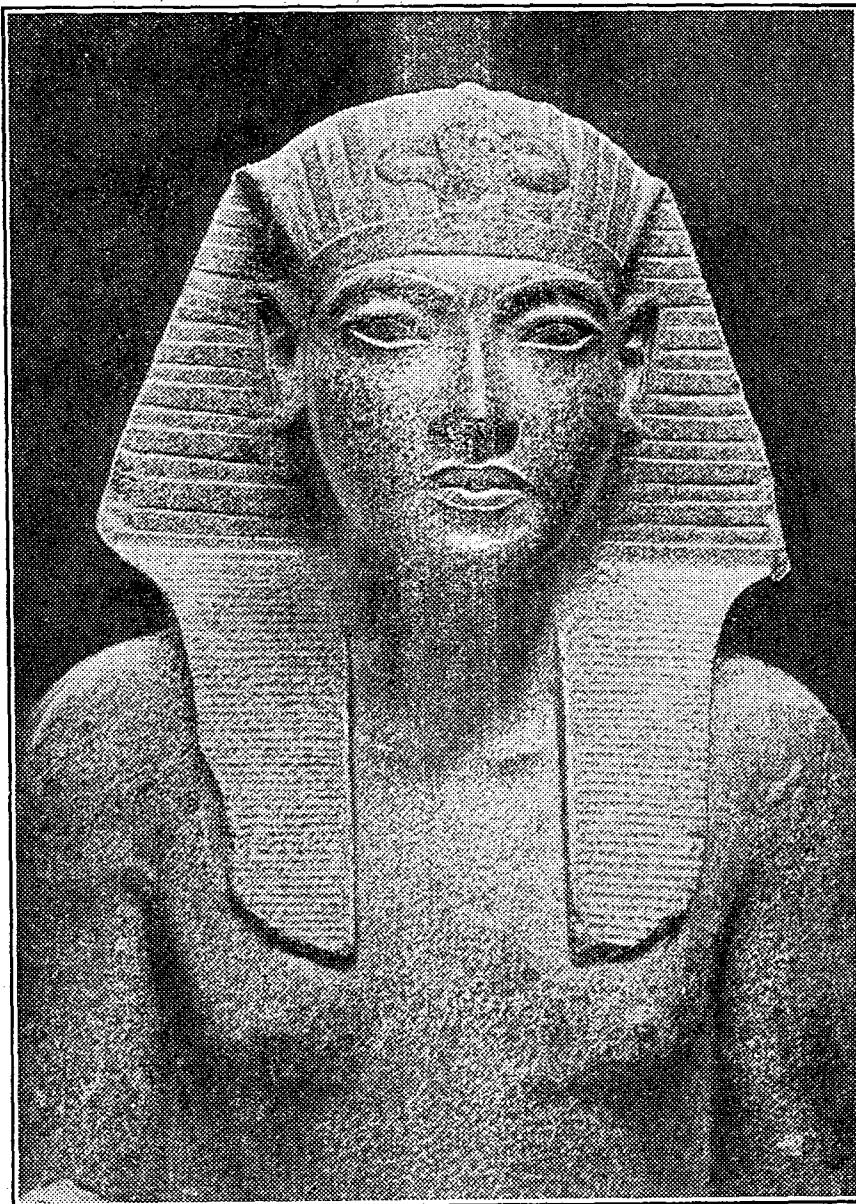
#### Partnership that Failed

Well, they have not sanctioned the understanding made by the three. That understanding was that France, Britain, and America, having won the war and shattered the ambitious militarism of Germany, would remain partners and safeguard France against a revival of German war ambitions.

But the hoped-for partnership quickly failed. The American people did not accept the responsibility which Mr. Wilson believed they would accept. They withdrew to keep themselves to themselves, and let the Old World clear up its own difficulties, if it could.

And now, as many of the difficulties remain unsettled and even grow more serious, M. Clemenceau, who believes that if America had kept in line with Britain and France the difficulties would have been far less and perhaps would have disappeared, takes it on himself to go to America and tell her people plainly how he believes she has left France in the lurch. It is certainly a very bold

### Is He Sleeping in the Mountain?



Tutankhamen, the Pharaoh whose wonderful treasure has just been found by British archaeologists in the Valley of the Kings. The great question that is exciting all historical students at the present time is whether in the inner chamber that cannot yet be reached the actual mummy of the king will be found.

thing to go across the Atlantic and say this to the great American people, but M. Clemenceau is a bold man. The American people are not accustomed to accept meekly the opinions of other nations about themselves; the British people know that so well that they never offer outside opinions of America to America.

A wide reading of the American newspapers shows that M. Clemenceau, in his talks to America, has made large numbers of fair-minded people over there feel decidedly uncomfortable. They fear, and often admit, that America went away from Europe before she had finished the work to which she had put her hand; and they suspect that she is not pulling her weight in the boat which carries her as well as the other civilised nations.

But a large number of the American newspapers retort to France that it is French militarism, France's view of her own special interests and her disregard

of the moral claims of other nations, that justifies the Western Republic in holding aloof from the European turmoil. In other words, America is not satisfied that France has given up militarism, and America will have nothing to do with France or Europe so long as the military spirit prevails. To this Clemenceau replies that France has to take steps to safeguard herself because America has deserted her.

Further, if America had joined the League of Nations, France would have been able to trust to the peaceful influence of the League throughout the world; whereas, with America absent from the League, France must take her own measures for guarding her interests. "The faults you see in us," says France, "arise from your desertion."

One thing is clear. It is well that Clemenceau has put the French view before the American people. It will stir up serious thought, and may help both nations to review what they are doing.

### THE GOOD MILLIONAIRE

#### JOHN OF PHILADELPHIA

#### How He Rose from an Errand Boy and Became Famous

#### A SUNDAY-SCHOOL MAN'S BIG SHOP

Many people have a tendency to think with suspicion of millionaires, but they would not harbour such feelings if the typical millionaire were like John Wanamaker, the great American shop-keeper, who has died at the age of 84.

Wherever he was known John Wanamaker was respected and admired. He had won his millions by fair business; he used them for noble purposes; and his life was a wholly worthy romance.

The son of a brickmaker, John went to school for a few early years before he was at work in the brickyard. At 14 he had launched himself on the world as a boy in a book shop, earning six shillings a week; and before he was 20 he had saved £400, with which he went into a fresh line of business on his own account.

#### Trundling a Wheelbarrow

He and a partner, it is said, trundled their goods to their first clothing shop on wheelbarrows. Their opening day's takings were about £5, and they spent it on advertising, only reserving a few coppers for the next day's change.

Philadelphia was the city they set themselves to conquer as tradesmen; and conquer it they did. Then they added New York to their area of conquest; but all his life Wanamaker prided himself on being a Philadelphia man.

Step by step he became the biggest shop-keeper in the world, with 3500 men and women in his service. But shop-keeping did not absorb him entirely. He never lost his soul to it. For many years he was a Sunday-school teacher, and he claimed that his Sunday-school, like his shop, was the biggest in the world. Then he became the President of the biggest Sunday-school organisation, covering the whole Earth.

#### Fortune that Grew and Grew

His generosity toward good causes was unbounded. There were few good ways of spending money that he did not try, and yet his money kept growing, for his business activity was immense.

He was a politician, too, and served one term of office as the American Postmaster-General.

If need arose he could deal with affairs in a style of open-handed munificence, as when he sent shiploads of food to relieve starving Belgium.

Yet through it all he was a plain, simple, godly man. The best condensed account of his life was given by himself when he said, "Thinking, trying, toiling, and trusting in God is all of my biography." Hats off to the memory of John Wanamaker, the man who deserved to be a millionaire!

## ALIVE FROM A FIERY FURNACE WORKMAN'S THRILLING ESCAPE

Landing on an Island of  
Unburned Matter

### STORIES OF HEROISM IN THE FACTORY

In the old and credulous days people would have made a saint of a man whose adventure we have here. His name is Paradise, and he has come alive from the heart of a burning, fiery furnace. It sounds impossible; but facts are facts, and this is one of the plainest.

Paradise is a workman in the service of the Bath Corporation, and while shovelling refuse into a furnace of the city destructor he himself, by some amazing mishap, followed the refuse, slipped through the fire-hole, and landed upright in the centre of the raging fire.

Fortunately his industry had piled up a high heap of moist rubbish in the furnace and on this he alighted. It sank beneath his weight, and he stood on an island of unburned matter; he was safe for an instant on a heap that had not caught alight, while flames roared up all around him, as high as his head, yet without burning him.

#### Pulled Back to Safety

Evaporation produces cold, and Paradise must have been enveloped in a mantle of cool air from the rubbish, or he would have fallen, burned to death.

One of his comrades, a man named Morgan, came to the rescue in the nick of time. Leaning through the fire-hole he thrust in his arms. Paradise seized them and was drawn to safety.

While being helped out his clothes rubbed against the sides of the furnace, and he was burned, but so slightly that he was able to resume work on the following day.

The good fortune of Paradise and the courage of Morgan recall an incident of a year or two ago when a man in the North of England fell bodily into a vessel full of white-hot fluid steel, and a comrade, placing his bare hands and arms deep in the dreadful brew beneath the body of the prostrate victim, lifted him back to life and liberty.

#### A Test of Nerve

That was sheer, uncalculating heroism on the part of the rescuer, but it carries the mind to a test of nerve to which the late Lord Playfair submitted King Edward when he was a youthful student in Edinburgh University.

The two stood before a cauldron of liquid lead at white heat and Playfair challenged the Prince to prove his faith in science by plunging his hand into the molten fluid.

"Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince.

"I do," answered Playfair.

Then he wiped the Prince's hand with ammonia to rid it of grease, and the young man placed his hand in the cauldron and ladled some of the contents out, without a trace of injury.

#### Mystery of Molten Lead

The secret is that white hot lead does not injure flesh which is perfectly cleansed, the moisture of the skin protecting it for the moment from hurt.

Natural laws at work in the furnace at Bath saved the life of the workman Paradise, who, with such a name and such a record, would have been an object of wondering veneration to his ancestors. The calendar of saints is crowded with names of people regarded as supernatural for events not nearly so wonderful, nor half so true, as this weird and terrifying experience from which, like a second Shadrach, the man of Bath has emerged almost unscathed.

## TRAGEDY OF POLAND

### President for a Week FASCISTI MOVEMENT IN WARSAW

Unhappy Poland has been the scene of a great tragedy.

This country, occupying a favourable trading position between the East and the West, has great mineral and agricultural possibilities, and it was hoped that she was entering at last on an era of peace and prosperity.

Unfortunately, the selection of M. Narutowicz as President was not received with friendliness in Warsaw. The Nationalist party, which has 218 members in the Polish Parliament, is accused of stirring up violent opposition to the Government.

At any rate, such opposition broke out in the streets, and attempts were made forcibly to prevent the President from reaching the Parliament House and taking the oath.

The opposition failed for the time, but a week later a madman shot the President while he was attending an art exhibition, at the very moment that he was being congratulated by a friend on his election.

The success of the Fascisti movement in Italy is causing sympathetic movements in several European countries, and the rioting and assassination in Warsaw is the Polish form of reliance on force rather than on national persuasion through orderly and constitutional methods.

## THE TRUE IRELAND SPEAKS

### King and Governor-General

The opening of the parliament of the Irish Free State showed Ireland in the frame of mind that all the world desires to see her in—that which is worthy of her best self.

The King in his message to the Governor-General said: "With all my heart I pray that the blessing of God may rest upon you, and upon the Ministers of the Irish Free State, in the difficult task committed to your charge."

And, replying to the message, Mr. Healy said:

The terms of the message will touch all hearts, while the thought which inspired it must everywhere evoke the admiration of men of goodwill.

May I, too, humbly join your Majesty in beseeching the Almighty that the reign of Freedom which has now been established in Ireland will bring with it an early peace and an assured prosperity, as well as a lasting reconciliation between the British and Irish nations?

Here speaks the Ireland that, notwithstanding all disappointments, the world still believes in, and believes in the more because of the wisdom of Mr. Healy's appointment and of his action and speeches since he became the local figure-head and adviser of the new Irish Free State Government.

## THE DEAD SEAGULLS

### Were They Poisoned?

Between 40 and 50 seagulls have been found lying dead in an empty barge off London Bridge.

The cause of their death is obscure; but it is known that foolish people sometimes throw wax matches in order to see the gulls swoop and catch them; and it is supposed the gulls may have died of phosphorus poisoning. Death from phosphorus poisoning is cruel and painful, and it is to be hoped that in future thoughtless people will refrain from throwing vestas to the gulls.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Aleutian . . . . .  | Ah-lu-shan     |
| Galileo . . . . .   | Gal-e-lay-o    |
| Jungfrau . . . . .  | Yoong-frow     |
| Kamchatka . . . . . | Kahm-chaht-kah |
| Perpignan . . . . . | Pair-peen-yahn |
| Tokio . . . . .     | To-ke-o        |

## LONELY MAN OF THE ALPS

### Winter With the Stars

An observatory 11,324 feet up in the Swiss Alps is the latest marvel.

It will stand on the Jungfrauoch, close to the famous Jungfrau Railway, and it is expected that it will help very much in the study of weather conditions at great heights.

The observatory, which will be the highest in Europe, is to be completed next year, and a man is going to spend the winter in it among the eternal snows.

He will not be completely isolated, as the observatory is to be connected with the Swiss telegraphs; but probably never before has man chosen a lonelier spot from which to watch the stars.

## FIERCE BIRD SCENE

### Hawk and Canary Change Places

A sparrow-hawk at Plymouth has been displaying extraordinary audacity.

Attracted by a canary in a cage, it flew through an open window, thrust its talons through the cage, and soon killed its little victim.

A little girl saw the whole thing and shrieked, so that her mother rushed into the room. The hawk then flew at the woman and tore at her hands and arms and tried to reach her face. With great presence of mind the woman covered her face with a cloth to protect her eyes, and eventually succeeded in forcing the hawk into the cage.

The hawk was, of course, only following its natural instincts; but perhaps a term of imprisonment will make it leave canaries severely alone in future.

## IRELAND'S STAMP

### First Free State Design

Here is one of the new postage stamps of the Irish Free State. Hitherto the State has not had authority to issue a stamp. This stamp is one of the first signs of its organisation of business. It will be observed that the map of Ireland, symbolising the State, includes the whole of the country, although a large part of Ulster is not in the Free State, and indeed has officially announced its existence apart from the State. No doubt the map is used in the hope of a friendly union presently.



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## IN THE PACKING

### A Little Surprise with the Bananas

When a West Bromwich fruit-seller opened a crate of bananas the other day he was surprised to find a large snake curled up comfortably on the fruit. It appeared to be asleep, but on removal to a warm room it soon became active.

So unfriendly an attitude did the unexpected visitor assume that no one dared to approach it. A keeper from the Birmingham Botanical Gardens was sent for, and eventually the snake was removed to one of the hot-houses there, and given a new home. Its real home was the West Indies.

It was not the first time such an experience had befallen the West Bromwich fruiterer. Several of those quaint creatures called opossums have reached him in crates of fruit, and once a big chameleon was found among some bananas. If many more arrive he ought to start a zoo!

It is always more or less a mystery how these creatures find their way into crates of fruit. Their size would seem to make them easily conspicuous to the packers, but possibly mischievous natives sometimes put them in.

## IT MOVES

### MARCH OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

What an Eastern Ruler Thought  
of Shakespeare's Tongue

#### "ONLY A DOZEN SPEAK IT"

There is matter for satisfaction and amusement in three isolated yet related items in the news, each concerning our English language.

We have had a conference of European Prime Ministers in London where the old difficulty about each Premier speaking only his own tongue perfectly has once more provoked delay and confusion.

Since Latin fell into disuse as a common tongue for speech and writing, French, a daughter language of Latin, has been the general medium of international communication, and much jealousy of a good-natured order underlies the maintenance of this charming language which Britons speak so badly. But the English language marches on triumphant without advocacy, simply because it is the one tongue spoken by rapidly increasing populations. It is the language of two entire continents, and the one tongue which will take a man practically throughout Europe.

#### Ex-Emperor Learns English

America, Australia, and half Europe speak English, which is destined to become the language of diplomacy some day, as Latin was when all scholars used it as a sure and certain avenue to the minds of scholars of other nations.

While the European Premiers have been delivering speeches which have had to be translated from four languages into one, English has received new recognition in Asia and in the Nearer East.

For the first time for five years the Russians, assembled in conference at Moscow, have ceased to speak of each other as Comrade So-and-So; they have gone back to plain Mr. and Messrs.

At the same time the little boy who was the last Emperor of China, taking unto himself a wife, has taken also a new language, the one which the learned men about him think most likely to be of special service to him. He has begun to learn English!

So we may say of our native speech, as Galileo said of the world, "It moves."

#### The Rajah's Wish

We should like to know now what they think in the Malay Archipelago of this new adventure in Russia and China, for it is not many years ago that one of the Malay rajahs was as anxious as this young prince of China to add a second string to his linguistic bow.

He confided his ambition and perplexity to Mrs. Rose Innes, the author and traveller.

"I should rather like to learn English," he said, with what she took to be the doubt of a modest student. She encouraged the budding resolution.

"Yes," he went on, "but, you see, there is this objection to English: it is spoken by only about a dozen people in the world, even counting the Governor of Singapore and his followers, while wherever you go, to the north or south, to the west or east, or beyond the wind, you find Malay spoken."

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

|                                         |      |
|-----------------------------------------|------|
| Pair of Chelsea porcelain vases . . .   | £420 |
| A George I kettle . . . . .             | £400 |
| 1st ed., Bunyan's Grace Abounding . . . | £285 |
| Charles I silver water jug . . . . .    | £210 |
| Two prize pigs . . . . .                | £144 |
| Pair of Louis XVI armchairs . . . . .   | £140 |
| Five Queen Anne chairs . . . . .        | £135 |
| Pilgrim's Progress, 12th edition . . .  | £75  |
| Ancient Egyptian bronze cat . . . . .   | £60  |

## FLOODS IN THE SAHARA

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS

How the Storm Swept Away the Mud Villages

### WHAT A RAINFALL BROUGHT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Rain is about the last thing one expects in the dry and dusty Sahara, yet torrential rains fell in November in that desert, flooding the railway line at five different places between Biskra and Tuggurt. At one place the rain formed a lake 38 square miles in extent.

No doubt the thirsty soil rejoiced; but the houses there are not constructed to resist rain, and in some villages many buildings collapsed. Such a rain in Egypt would wash away the mud villages on the Nile like so many mud pies, and has, indeed, sometimes done so.

There is a queer story of a rainfall for which those who love the knowledge of the past must always be grateful. It is told in Arthur Mee's Golden Year, the new Christmas volume now published by Hodder & Stoughton.

#### The Writing on a Doorstep

In his travels for the British Museum, collecting those antiquities which throw the light of day on the dark night of the ancient world, Sir Wallis Budge had been fortunate enough to come across a doorstep on which he found strange writing, which proved to be the central slab of a monument announcing in Greek certain privileges that one of the Pharaohs had conferred upon the priesthood. But Dr. Budge was unsatisfied, for he had been long in Egypt on this mission and had found few treasures.

His chance came with a storm. The sky became covered with dense clouds such as are rarely seen in that part of Egypt, for he was in Assuan. For three days the sunshine entirely disappeared.

One afternoon the great blessing of rain began to fall, filling the native people with delight; but the rain did not cease, and through the night it fell in torrents, so that the happiness of the natives changed into despair as the terrific rains beat through the mud roofs.

#### A Town Flooded

Dr. Budge was living in one of the best houses of the town, with two stout roofs of palm-trunks covered with layers of mud; but the rain poured through and destroyed his dinner. All night it rained, so that the town and camp were flooded; there was only one house which had been able to save its roof.

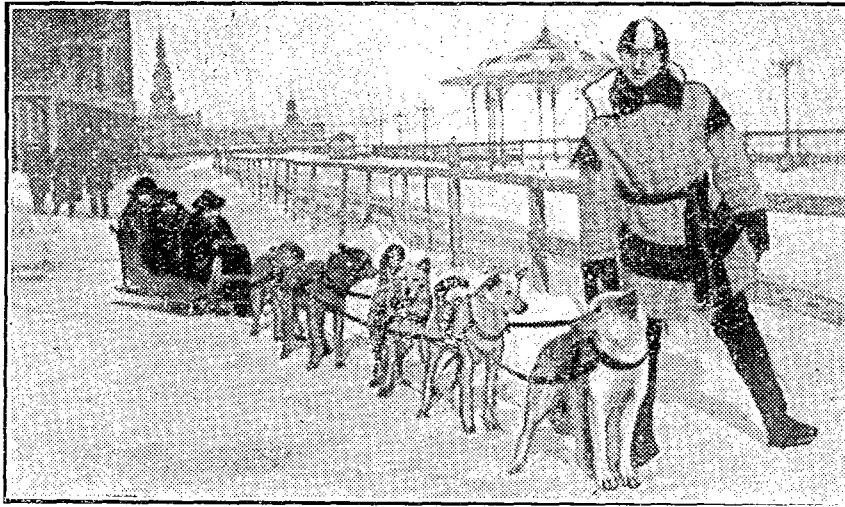
At the back of the town, among the hills, the Bisharin people live in their tents, and there the scene was pitiful indeed. The tents, built on the hot, dry sand among bare rocks of alabaster, stood or floated in the flood, and the poor Bisharin people were in great distress; but the saddest thing of all was that the storm disturbed not only the living, but the dead.

#### A Find of Many Treasures

The Bisharin people bury their dead not far below the surface of the sand, and the current had washed away the sand and pebbles that covered them. The people were gathering up the bodies of their lost ones, and burying them under huge stones to save them from the jackals prowling round.

But it is a very ill wind that blows nobody any good. All round the tents of the Bisharins were tombs of mud, and at the head of every tomb of an important man was a large tablet of sandstone containing an inscription. The storm had broken down the tombs, so that many of these precious tablets lay in pools of liquid mud. The natives were loudly lamenting the wreckage when, at that very moment, up came the representative of the British Museum, and the Arabs were very glad to give him the tablets, many of which were fifteen centuries old.

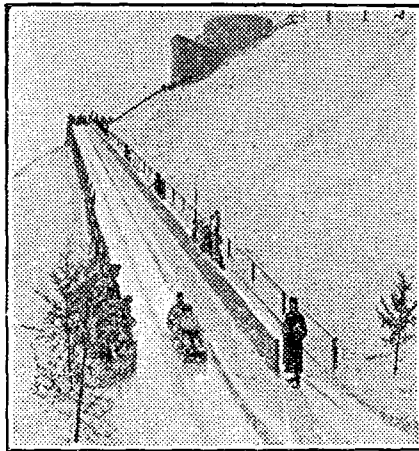
## KEEPING WARM IN THE COLD



A dog team goes for a run in the streets of Quebec



The bounce, a favourite game among boys and men in winter



A well-kept and popular toboggan slide at Quebec



The ski slide at the great winter carnival in Winnipeg

Canada has a cold winter, but the Canadians are a happy people and know how to keep warm, as these pictures show. It seems strange to us that in a great city like Quebec, that has every modern convenience, such as electric railways, telephones, and so on, the dog sledge should be a familiar sight in its streets in winter

## WHAT AMERICANS ARE DOING

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WORKSHOP

Forty-two Million Workers in the Western Republic

DOING WITHOUT SERVANTS

The United States census of 1920 has now been sufficiently analysed to show how many Americans were working in that year and what they were doing.

The population of the United States in 1920 was 105,700,000 people; and we now know that nearly 42 million of these, men, women, and young people, were earning money in occupations. Our own census of occupation is not yet ready, and we can only hope that it will not be suppressed to save a little money, for that would be a very false economy.

The chief methods by which the Americans earn their living are (1) manufacturing, (2) agriculture, (3) trade, (4) domestic and personal services, (5) clerical occupations, and (6) transport.

#### The Flow from the Land

In the ten years between 1910 and 1920 manufacturing took the lead from agriculture in employment. In 1910 there were about 11 million manufacturing workers and about 13 million land workers. Ten years later manufacturing took the first place with nearly 13 million workers, while the number of agricultural workers was very much the same as the manufacturing workers ten years before.

This flow of work from land to manufacturing is common throughout the world, and is one of the most important of social facts. It means that the town population has grown at the expense of the countryside. It has happened in Europe as well as in America, and has reached its highest point in Britain.

This change of work—this gain of the towns and the decline of the country—is due to the fact that invention and new machinery are continuously enabling food to be grown with less labour. As this happens, of course, fewer people are required to grow a given quantity of food, and so people naturally pass into other occupations.

#### Where Servants are Scarce

It is very interesting to note, too, that while between 1910 and 1920 the number of Americans earning money grew from 38 millions to nearly 42 millions, this increase was almost wholly accounted for by the males, the number of female workers increasing by only about half a million. This was probably the result of the increased prosperity of the American people.

It is a curious fact that, although the American population is more than twice as great as that of the British Isles, the number of domestic servants in America is no more than here. The reason is that the Americans have very largely learned to do without such help.

## THE WAYS OF THE ANT

### Energy Gone Wrong

Solomon, as we know, had a considerable admiration for the ant, and commended sluggards to consider her ways; but, had ants invaded his temple, he might not have regarded their example as quite so admirable.

White ants have now invaded the temples of Nikko the Wonderful in Japan, and threaten to destroy its marvellous architectural treasures. These treasures are quite unique, and their damage would be irreparable, so the Japanese are trying to find some way to expel the white invaders; but the ants are so industrious and energetic that it is difficult to check their destructive work.

It is all very well to be industrious; but misdirected energy can work havoc.

## BRITISH NAVY SMALLER

### WHAT IS HAPPENING IN OTHER COUNTRIES?

#### The Carrying-Out of the Great Washington Treaty

### MYSTERY THAT SHOULD BE CLEARED UP

By Our Political Correspondent

The world will never be at peace until nations can trust the pledged word of one another.

It was because Germany deliberately broke her pledged word given to Belgium that Great Britain entered the Great War in fulfilment of her own word to Belgium.

Are more such breakings of promises going on at the present moment? And, if so, which are the countries that are not acting up to their promises?

Let us test this by the agreements made at the Washington Conference about naval reductions. The countries concerned are the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

#### A Plan Agreed Upon

At the Washington Conference Mr. Hughes, the representative of the United States, brought forward a proposal which was hailed as a great step toward a lasting peace. He proposed that the relative naval strength of each country should be fixed and agreed to by all, and the news that the representatives of these countries had accepted the scale as fair was received with great relief.

Now let us see what has happened since. The United States, Great Britain, and Japan at once sanctioned the Treaty, but France and Italy have not yet agreed to the Treaty.

The Treaty decided that the building of new ships of war should be stopped, according to a plan agreed upon; and, further, that existing ships should be scrapped till the several navies were brought down to the number of ships agreed upon mutually. What has happened in fulfilment of this agreement?

#### Scrapping Twenty Battleships

Here is the story. Great Britain has fulfilled her part of the bargain honourably, promptly, and fully. She has stopped building four battle-cruisers she had already begun. Besides doing that she was pledged to scrap 20 battleships. At once she began breaking up these ships, and 16 of them are already scrapped or rendered useless.

When the war ended she had 85 great warships and 34 armoured cruisers. Now she has in commission or reserve only 20 great battleships and three armoured cruisers.

The agreement was that Great Britain and America should have equal navies. Great Britain has fulfilled her part of the bargain so completely that though at the end of the war her navy was far stronger than the United States navy, now, owing to the delay of America in reducing her navy, America's navy is stronger than Britain's.

Japan has taken prompt steps to reduce her navy, and ranks next to Great Britain in her fulfilment of the Treaty.

#### Mystery that Needs Solving

France and Italy have not fulfilled the agreement, France claiming that Italy should have fewer ships than were allotted to her, and Italy waiting until France makes her reductions. Neither has the United States reduced her fleet according to the British reductions.

What is stranger still, in spite of the action promptly taken by Great Britain, and scarcely less promptly by Japan, the American State authorities say officially that "as far as the Government of the United States is aware, no country signing the Washington Naval Treaty has begun the scrapping."

Clearly there is some mystery and some lack of frankness here.

## RICEFIELDS RUINED IN A GALE

### A Five-Pound Hailstone CATTLE BEATEN TO THE GROUND

After the terrible hailstorm in Burma to which we referred the other day, a hailstone weighing over five pounds was picked up. So heavy was the hail that ricefields were destroyed, roofs of corrugated iron were torn off, cattle were beaten down to the ground, and one man was killed.

A hailstone weighing five pounds must be pretty nearly a record, but hailstones weighing almost as much have occurred at intervals and have sometimes done great damage. In 1860 hailstones about the size of half a brick fell on a British naval vessel near the Cape and knocked several of the crew off the rigging. In 1889 there were several destructive hailstorms in Europe; and during one hailstorm in Moravia hailstones as big as a fist fell on the fields and killed and injured many people.

But probably the most destructive hailstorm ever recorded was that which passed over France and Holland in 1788. It laid waste the homes in over a thousand parishes in France.

## THE GULL THAT CAME BACK

### Bird Calls at a House for Food

A resident on the Isle of Bute gives a remarkable instance of a sea-gull's memory for a house where it was fed.

In 1916 my brother occasionally fed a young sea-gull, which would fly up from the beach to the house when he went out, and, circling above his head, would call "Chuck, chuck, chuck," in happy expectation of food being thrown to it. This continued for a few weeks, and then the gull disappeared for several months.

We never expected to see it again, but one morning, when my brother went out to the front gate, once more the gull flew up to him from the shore, hovering overhead and calling to him.

Occasionally other gulls would come to share the food, but that made our gull very angry, and, screaming, he would attempt to drive them away.

Then, for a whole year, he disappeared altogether, and we wondered whether he had gone to a foreign land or had come to an untimely end. But one morning he appeared, and called for food as if he had never been absent.

Again he was absent nine months, but in July this year turned up again, and seemed delighted to see his human friend. He has now gone again, but we feel that we have not said good-bye.

## A NOTE FROM BARBADOS

### The C.N. on a Far-away Island

This little note of the arrival of the C.N. in Barbados is from the pen of a lady who has seen what she describes.

Built by tiny coral polyps, in a great blue sea stands the island of Barbados. Its shores are white with the crushed bones of these polyps, and its rolling hills are upheld by them.

In this island is a small schoolhouse, where twice a month comes the C.N. to pupils aged from four to 18 years, boys and girls. There are children with black faces, white faces, brown faces, and yellow faces; with eyes blue and grey and black and brown, but none of them dull when the C.N. comes.

A black boy, with a face that is always about to smile if it is not smiling, brings the C.N., and the children cry "The newspapers!" Then they add, "I hope she won't keep them to read them first." She is the schoolmistress, who has the trick of holding up the C.N. for her own reading while the young folks look wistful. And the children who beam brightest when the C.N. comes and run off with it most eagerly are two little girls, one pale-faced and the other dusky.

## WHISTLING FOR A WIND

### THE EVERLASTING SEARCH FOR POWER

#### A Little Light on a Great World Problem

#### BACK TO NATURE

Shall we ever return to the days of stage coaches and windmills? Science, striving day and night to give mankind entirely new sources of power, says that unless it succeeds we may at last be driven back to these resources of our forefathers. And now a Government department is about to test a new invention, by which it is hoped to harness the winds and convert their strength into electrical power.

What the device is we shall not know till a trial has been made, but clearly it is an application of new ideas to an old principle at a time when windmills are fast disappearing from Europe.

#### Things that Cannot be Replaced

For ages they worked in England to grind our corn; for ages they have pumped water out of the fields of Holland and returned it to the sea. But even the stolid Dutchmen have turned to steam pumps for this important purpose, and coal keeps their land from becoming submerged.

It is the rapid consumption of coal that alarms scientists. It took millions of years to form our coal measures, and as long to provide the oil which drives our cars and ships. We consume these stores at an appalling rate every year, and can never replace them.

The day will come when the last load of coal has been drawn up the shaft of the last colliery, when the last gallon of petroleum has gushed from its reservoir in the rocks.

Whence, then, will come power to warm our homes, to cook our food, to maintain our industries? The attempt to use the winds directs our thoughts to times when the whole civilised world will have to struggle, not for the conquest of nation by nation, but for the conquest of cold and famine, the conquest of a palsy that may stop the whole of its industries.

#### New Surprises in Store

Civilisation owes its rise and attainments to science. And now, having brought us to where we are, science has to grapple with a future of world-wide difficulties, such as man has never known.

Mankind is running fast through his heritage, and seems always to be slowly advancing to general bankruptcy, simply because his current capital in fuel and energy producers must come to an end.

But always there are new surprises in store for us. Tides and winds, currents in river and stream, gusts that come raging down from the north where the Greeks thought the wind-god lived—all these will have to be broken to service; sunlight will have to be captured and made to work in new ways.

#### The Power in an Atom

But perhaps even then we may not have power enough for the huge population of the world, and the future may lie not with the black diamonds of the Earth, not with the "white fuel" of waterfall and cataract, but with the power latent in atoms and specks too small for eye to see or hand to grasp. If that power can be lured from its hiding-place in the atom and the electron posterity will enjoy possessions such as men have hardly dreamed of.

But between the hard facts of life as it is and as it must come to be is a long, long road, and who knows that we may not come back again to windmills much sooner than some people think?

## WHERE THE NEW YEAR COMES FROM

### People Who See It Twelve Hours Before We Do

#### THE TIME ZONE WAY OF RECKONING

Twelve hours before the New Year actually breaks upon us in the British Isles it will have come to the other side of the Earth, and when we are watching out the Old Year a few mariners will have passed more than half a day in the New Year.

The New Year must begin on the Earth somewhere, and civilised men have agreed that it shall begin, not on the land, but on the sea. A line is taken on the other side of the world, the 180th meridian of longitude, and it is on this, which is called the Date Line, that every New Year and every new day actually begins.

#### The Line that Bends

This line was chosen because it passes entirely through the sea, missing the land everywhere, but slight deviations are made in the line for convenience sake. It bends a little to the east so as to include Kamchatka on the same side as the rest of Asia; then it bends to the west to include all the Aleutian Islands on the same side as Alaska; and farther south it bends again to the east to include the Fiji and Tonga Islands with New Zealand on the west of the line.

It is quite possible for a ship to be crossing this line as the New Year dawns, and for the bows of the ship to be in 1923 while the stern is still in 1922.

Time, of course, is merely a convenient arrangement whereby man measures the passage of events. It seems quite an easy matter to tell the time at any place by looking at a clock, but the measurement of time is really a complicated affair.

#### Meaning of a Time Zone

Places that are not in the same longitude cannot have the same time according to the sun, by which we really measure time; but for convenience men in civilised lands have divided most of the world into time zones. This is to give all the places in a particular country or in a large section of territory the same time of day, and we can understand what a convenience that is for business men and others.

A full explanation of the time zone system now in force in most of the world will be found in Part 7 of the Children's Encyclopedia, from which we take the Time Map that appears on page 5, a map based on the latest Admiralty time chart and has been submitted to Greenwich Observatory.

#### A FIREBALL

### Bright Enough to Dim the Moon

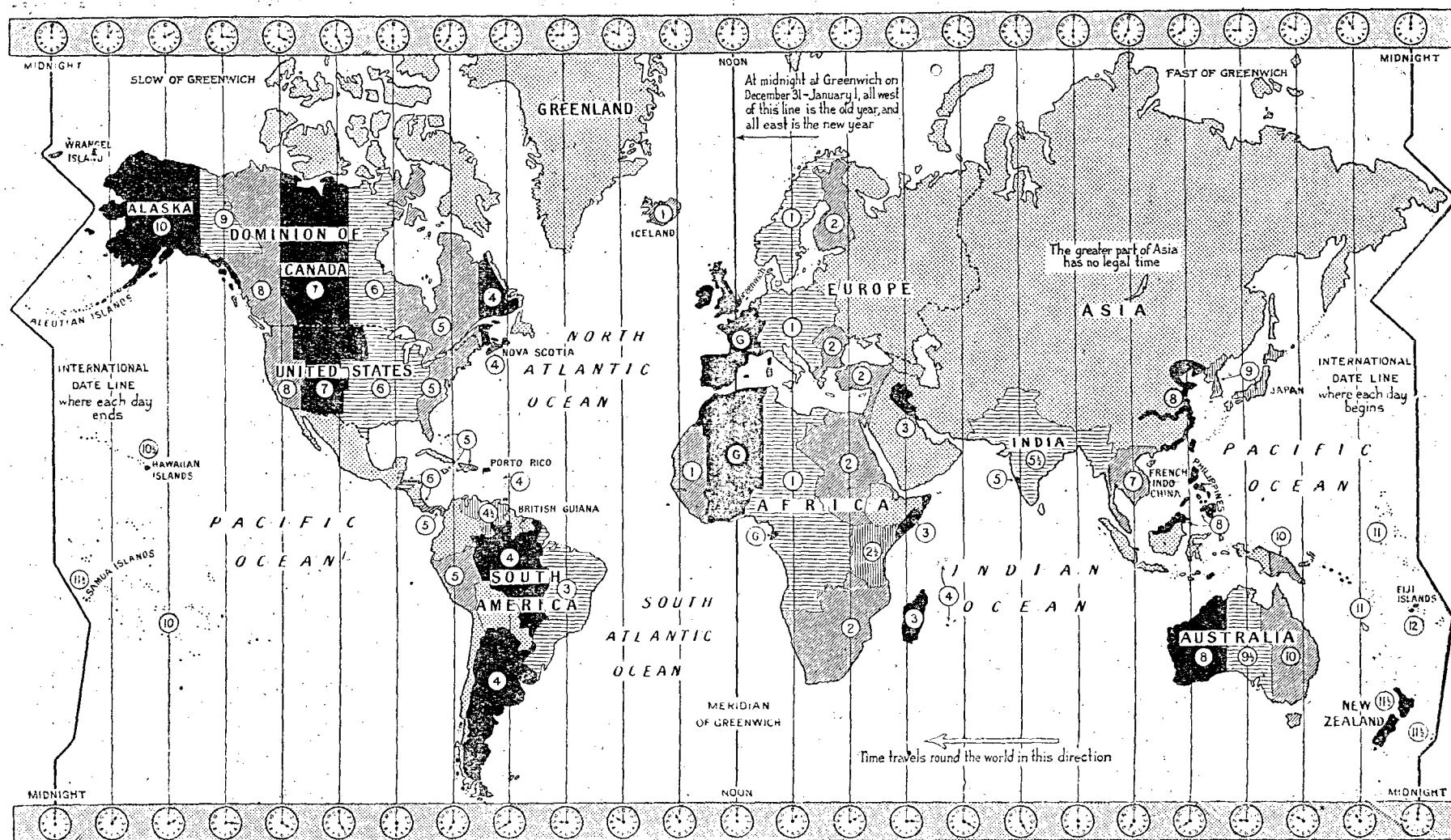
A magnificent fireball has been seen recently in Lincolnshire.

It flashed into view in the western sky, and was so bright that it spread a dazzling light, and dimmed the Moon. Two minutes after it had disappeared there was a noise like an explosion, followed by a sound like distant thunder.

There can be little doubt that the fireball was a meteorite of unusual size and brilliancy. Such appearances have been often seen before. In 1783 a great meteorite traversed the sky and was seen by observers all the way from Shetland to Rome. This also was so bright that it dimmed the light of the Moon. In 1887 another radiant ball crossed westwards over Ireland; and there are hundreds of records of less radiant meteorites. Explosions are not always heard, but they quite frequently follow, and are sometimes accompanied by a shower of stones.

The Earth has just been passing through the orbits of two famous meteoric systems—the Leonids and the Andromedids—so that the fireball seen in Lincolnshire probably belonged to these systems.

## TIME-ZONE MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



IN THIS MAP THE FIGURES IN CIRCLES REPRESENT THE NUMBER OF HOURS FAST OR SLOW OF GREENWICH IN THE DIFFERENT ZONES

### MEXICAN PRESIDENT SAVES WILD LIFE

#### Protecting Mountain Creatures

Even within historic times the hunter has exterminated various wild creatures, and there have been others just on the verge of extinction.

In Mexico today only about 200 mountain sheep and 200 prong-horned antelopes survive, and their fate seemed sealed. But President Obregon has wisely signed a decree "prohibiting for ten years, under severe penalties, the killing, possession, or sale of any mountain sheep, prong-horned antelope, or deer anywhere in Mexico." In ten years' time these animals will probably have multiplied greatly, and the risk of extinction will be over.

President Obregon is to be congratulated on his decree, for Nature has taken hundreds of thousands of years to evolve her animals, and an animal, once exterminated, can never be restored. He is conserving for the world some of the irreplaceable gifts of Nature.

### PUTTING OUT A FIRE

#### How the Oil-field was Saved

There was a fearful sight in California not long ago, when a huge oil gusher caught fire, and for hours this flare burned well over a hundred feet in the air.

It was feared that the whole oil-field would soon be ablaze, for the men could not even approach the gusher. Engineers were called in and told to take any steps they liked, and the engineers said they would "blow it out."

They went ahead quickly and erected two wooden towers thirty feet high on either side of the well, and strung a one-inch steel cable between them. One hundred pounds of gelatine dynamite were pulled along the cable until directly over the flaming well and were then exploded, and the terrific force of this blast blew out the fire.

### A HORSELESS FARM

#### 12,000 Acres Run by Petrol

Many Canadian farmers still stick faithfully to the horse to haul their binders, their grain tanks, their ploughs, their harrows, and so on, and almost every farmer has at least two or three teams to do odd jobs.

Near Winnipeg, however, is a tremendous farm of 12,000 acres without a single horse, everything being done by petrol tractor and motor-car. It was estimated that 400 horses would be required to operate this farm, and 2000 acres would be needed to feed them.

### FIGHT AGAINST DEATH

#### Ten Men Keep a Heart Beating for Five Hours

At Manchester Infirmary when a young clerk was about to undergo an operation his breathing suddenly stopped. The doctors fought to restore him to life, and, with the aid of ten assistants, who performed artificial respiration, the heart was kept beating for five hours. At one time there was a return of natural breathing, but it soon ceased, and a few hours later the heart stopped. It was a splendid effort to combat death, though unhappily vain.

### HOME FOR BLIND GIRLS

#### Will C.N. Readers Give it a Lift?

We have been asked to give publicity to the needs of the College for Blind Girls at The Cedars, Chorley Wood, in Hertfordshire.

The college has been established by the National Institute for the Blind. It is the only college of its kind for girls, and it needs endowment to carry on its work of giving higher education to girls who are blind or have little sight.

The C.N. hopes that a rally will be organised to put this excellent institution, once for all, into a state of financial ease. All gifts should be sent to the college.

### FIRST MOTOR SHIP

#### The Domala and Her Sister

An important place in history will belong to the British Indian Steam Navigation Company's ship Domala, for she was the first oil motor-driven ship to be especially made and designed for carrying passengers. Her sister ship the Dumana has just been launched.

The only other British motor-driven ship carrying passengers is the Aba, belonging to the Elder Dempster line. She carried passengers two years before the Domala, but was converted from a cargo boat.

The motive force of passenger ships of the future will be contested by many types of power—the ship that uses steam turbines to generate electricity, which in turn runs electric motors; the ship with oil engines pure and simple, which are coupled directly to the propellers; and the oil ships whose engines drive dynamos that supply electric power to the motors revolving the huge propellers.

The steamship burning coal is destined to become obsolete, for the loading up of its fuel takes days as against the hours occupied in taking on a supply of oil fuel.

### DING DONG BELL

#### Pussy in the Well

A beautiful story of a cat and her kitten comes from a Hampshire village.

By piteous mewing the cat attracted attention to her kitten, which was drowning in a well, and many vain attempts were made to rescue the kitten by means of a bucket.

Then a bright idea occurred to a policeman. Putting the cat in the bucket, he lowered her down to the kitten. In a moment the cat seized the exhausted kitten in her teeth, and held gently but firmly on to it till both had been drawn up to the top.

### THE BUS PERISCOPE

#### Why Not a Mirror Too?

#### THE CONDUCTOR'S LEGS AND THE DRIVER'S NECK

In war time periscopes were found very useful by those who wished to see without being seen. They were fixed to submarines and trenches and dug-outs. Now, in time of peace, still further uses are being found for them.

They have been fixed to some of the metropolitan buses, so that conductors may see the top of the bus without climbing the stairs.

Would it not be possible to save the driver's neck as well as the conductor's legs? At present, when passengers are entering or alighting, the driver has constantly to crane his neck to see when it is safe to proceed, and this perpetual screwing round of his neck is not only a loss of time but must in the course of a day's work be very tiring.

Also, it would make for safety, for it is not wise for a driver to feel that he must be constantly looking round; and Safety First for the driver is as important as Safety First for the passenger.

Why, then, not fit a driver's mirror on all buses, in the same way as they are fitted to a few buses in London?

### A TRAIN BLOWN OVER

#### Terrific Wind in France

The Gulf of Lyons is famous for its gales, and a fierce north-easterly gale raging in that region has just blown over six carriages and a luggage van of a passenger train running between Perpignan and Narbonne.

In a good many cases trains have been blown off the lines by gales; but it is seldom that the wind actually capsizes a train, though years ago there was the terrible tragedy of the first Tay Bridge, when train and bridge together were blown over into the Tay.

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 30 1922

## Let the Bells Ring

LAST week a Happy Christmas, this week a Happy New Year to us all.

We are all making a new start together. The year 1923 invites us to come along. With what kind of faces shall we accept the invitation? Care-creased, doubting, surly, suspicious, or bright, hopeful, grateful, and believing? Let the bells ring! There can be no better greeting to a New Year coming in.

For is it not a splendid thing to be still alive in this glorious world? Of course we can make ourselves blind and deaf to all its loveliness, and steel our hearts against its graciousness and tenderness, if we are foolish and wicked enough to welcome unhappiness; but that is not the inheritance into which by right divine we are born.

"God saw that it was good" was the first opinion of it all; and is not the world still good in its outward beauty, ever varied in its enchantment; and in its inward beauty of feeling, sentiment, thought, and soul-stirring aspiration? Let the bells ring as we enter on another chapter in the fine, glorious, and sacred story of man's life on the Earth.

Difficulties, disappointments, and sorrows? Well, no doubt they will come. Life would lose all its depth without them. We cannot play the great game without opponents. But let us be fair, and we shall see how good life is, how sane and hopeful and noble underneath all its littlenesses and faults, and how it calls to us to believe that at the heart of it, stimulating and upholding and controlling it, is Love. So let the bells ring!

Why should we turn the leaf of this new chapter with a sour disbelief in our hearts and clouding our faces? The whole story of life, from the beginning till now, is a story of infinite hopefulness, of slowly conquering goodness, and of joy along the way, if men will only open their hearts to the best impulses that come to them from the Great Spirit that "animates, creates, uprears." Let the bells ring!

What we have to do, in this New Year and always, is to see that we keep our aims and hopes and deepest faith, our feelings toward others and all created things, on the highest level of good we can conceive. If we do that we cannot but be hopeful and bright, for the bells will ring in our inmost being, as they ring over hill and valley from a thousand steeples while the New Year enters with its open and unblotted book of records and its fine opportunities.

Not with the stout heart of fortitude or the mild endurance of resignation let us enter on this New Year, but with high hope and firm faith in man and God.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Changing Heads

A PROFESSOR in Vienna claims that he has given butterflies new heads.

We do not know much about it, but if the professor can really change heads we wish he would try it on one or two stupid people we know. There is, for instance—

## Scrooge

OUR miserable friend Scrooge, wherever he is, whoever he is, must be glad that Christmas is over. Is there anything more pathetic than the sight of the lonely, selfish man?

For all selfish people are lonely. Nobody cares for the man who cares for nobody but himself. The more you think of others the more they think of you.

Never take it for granted that others ought to give you as much as you choose to want, and ought to want as little as you choose to give them. The man who always insists on having his own way may get it, but in the end that is all he will have. And so let us give all we can, to all we can, through all this coming year.

## The Stokers of Falkland

ADMIRAL Sir Doveton Sturdee has been telling us that when, at the naval battle of the Falkland Islands, he served out rum to the stokers, they promptly poured the liquor down the scuppers; and Canon Cooper, of Filey, the walking parson, has been saying that there is only one way to walk without trouble, and that is "to pour whisky into your boots."

The stokers certainly were wise to pour the rum down the scuppers rather than to try to get "Dutch courage" by pouring it down their throats, and the walking parson was equally wise to use the whisky to harden his skin rather than to use it to soften his brain.

It is a pity that all rum and whisky are not so well employed; it would be much better for the world, as America is rapidly discovering.

## The Butchers

A SPANISH airman has invented what he calls a new sport. He has conceived the brilliant idea of hunting the big bustard by aeroplane.

First the birds are driven into the air by a band of gallant horsemen. Then a bird is selected for slaughter and is pursued by an aeroplane speedier than itself till the exhausted creature drops to land again. Then the horsemen, who have meantime formed into a wide circle, take up the chase, and the exhausted and frightened bird, half running, half flying, is pursued till it is captured.

We hope this kind of "sport"—an aeroplane and horsemen chasing a tired and frightened bird—will not appeal to many Englishmen. It does not seem to fit in with the old English traditions of healthy sport.

## Are You a Carpet-Bag?

WE are asked to give four lines which Sir Walter Raleigh, the fine scholar and patriot who died a short time ago, left behind among his papers.

Eat slowly; only men in rags  
And gluttons old in sin  
Mistake themselves for carpet-bags  
And tumble victuals in.

They are worth remembering in a world which has a long way to go before it reaches perfection.

## Tip-Cat

IT is said Mr. Ford may stand for the Presidency of the United States. He would not be the first man a Ford had got into trouble.

NOTHING fails like success, says Dean Inge. Perhaps that is why so many fail to succeed.

AN educational authority suggests that we should "give a boy his head." But keep him on his feet till he knows his way about.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW

How you dance  
the cotton reel

THE fox is described as a very playful animal. Always, in fact, after the game.

THE ex-Kaiser still refuses to be photographed. He has been so often mis-taken.

THE gallant major who finds

that Bolshevism in this country is caused by bad teeth has evidently been studying its mouthpieces.

A PRINCESS tells us it is thrilling to see the tortoise run wild in Greece. Everywhere else it is out of the running.

GERMAN cinemas are accepting pieces of coke as the price of admission. People there have no money to burn.

## Am I My Brother's Keeper?

WE have been reading a little book in which Mr. George Edwards, who lost his seat in Parliament at the last election, tells the story of his life. His family were so poor that he had no schooling whatever, and had to be sent to work before he was seven. After he was married, on fifteen shillings a week, his wife taught him to read and write. Then he tells us how earnestly he strove to make the world a happier place for all, even for those as poor as he had been.

It humbles us a little to think that this great country could ever have neglected her children so sadly, but it gladdens us more than a little that no child now is allowed to face the battle of life so early or in such pathetic ignorance. It is to her credit that we at last became ashamed of growing rich at the expense of these little ones, and wise enough to give up asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" knowing Who had said we were.

## A Note for a Pessimist

So many people are now complaining of hard times that we feel sure they can have no knowledge of the desperate past from which their fathers emerged with flying colours.

Let them consider the following passage from the writings of a great historian who fought pessimism a hundred years ago, and foretold Great Britain's triumphant recovery from the ruin wrought by Napoleon. He, too, looked back a hundred years for consolation and reasoned optimism.

## What Has Happened

"If any person had told the Parliament which met in perplexity and terror after the crash in 1720 that in 1830 the wealth of England would surpass all their wildest dreams, that the annual revenue would equal the principal of that debt which they considered as an intolerable burden;

"That for one man of ten thousand pounds then living there would be five men of fifty thousand pounds, that London would be twice as large and twice as populous, and that nevertheless the rate of mortality would have diminished to one half of what it then was, that the Post Office would bring more into the Exchequer than the Excise and Customs had brought in together under Charles the Second;

"That stage coaches would run from London to York in twenty-four hours, that men would be in the habit of sailing without wind, and would be beginning to ride without horses, our ancestors would have given as much credit to the prediction as they gave to Gulliver's Travels."

## We Shall Pull Through

He goes on to point out that even in the terrible distress of 1720 the country was raising every year a sum which would have purchased the fee-simple of the revenue of the Plantagenets, ten times what supported Elizabeth, three times what, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, had been thought intolerably oppressive.

The pessimists quite forget that, if our public debt is gigantically greater than the public debt of 1822, we have machines and contrivances which our ancestors, who shouldered their great debt so heroically, never possessed.

We shall pull through; and a hundred years hence our population and our revenue will appear insignificant to our descendants, among whom, of course, there will be many pessimists lamenting the good old times of 1922!

## A Prayer for Our Country

New Year, be good to England. Bid her name  
Shine sunlike as of old on all the sea:  
Make strong her soul; set all her spirit free:  
Bind fast her home-born foes with links of shame  
More strong than iron and more keen than flame:  
Seal up their lips for shame's sake; so shall she  
Who was the light that lightened freedom be,  
For all false tongues, in all men's eyes the same.  
A. C. Swinburne

## UNDERGROUND HUNTERS AN INSECT SECRET DISCOVERED

Friends and Foes Living  
in the Soil

### LEGIONS OF WAITING ENEMIES

By Our South Kensington Correspondent

Grass grubs that live, develop, and change deep in the ground till they become full-formed insects are often very destructive to the roots of plants, so they are now being closely studied, and some very interesting facts are being brought to light which may help greatly to reduce the damage they do.

Many of these enlightening facts come to us from Australia and New Zealand, countries that are importing and exporting underground grub workers to prey on each other and so save plant life in various places.

It has been found that the larva of the moth lacewing is a deadly enemy of the larvae of destructive grass grubs, and a study of the life-history of both has led to 5000 eggs of the moth lacewing being imported into New Zealand from Australia to carry on preventive warfare underground.

#### Insect that Does Not Rest

Experiments made by Dr. Tillyard, of Nelson, New Zealand, and his assistant, Mr. Luke Gallard, have led to the larvae of the villainous cockchafer beetle being distinguished from the larvae of the moth lacewing. Quite a short time ago these equally insignificant blind larvae were confounded together, whereas the one is the deadly enemy of the other.

The mother lacewing lays her eggs in light, sandy soil, running about the ground till a suitable place is found. Then, using her curious sand plough for digging the ground up, she pushes her body into the hole and lays her eggs from half to three-quarters of an inch below the surface.

As each is laid it is rolled in the sand, which adheres to its sticky surface. This forms a strong protection for it. She takes about a minute to lay one egg, and she lays from 200 to 300 of them without stopping to rest.

#### Laying Eggs in Castor Sugar

As Dr. Tillyard found he could not remove the particles of sand from the eggs to examine them, he captured some females and induced them to lay in castor sugar, which he could easily dissolve by putting the eggs in water. So rainproof are the eggs that this treatment did not injure them, for in 31 days they all hatched.

The larvae are blind, and very much like the cockchafer grub in shape. They are provided with three pairs of strong legs, with which they burrow spirally through the sandy soil, seeking food.

They live below the top layer of dry soil in the zone of slight moisture, feeding mainly on the destructive cockchafer grub they so much resemble. These blind larvae only know their prey when they come in contact with it, but they are able to recognise one another by a powerful and remarkable odour which they emit.

#### Hollowing Out a Cell

During dry, hot weather the larvae are sometimes found more than two feet below the surface, but after heavy rains they burrow upwards. It may take them anything from 18 months to three or more years to complete their growth. This depends solely upon the quantity of food they find, and quite a number die from starvation because they fail to come across a cockchafer grub during their burrowing.

When the larva reaches full growth it hollows out a cell at a depth where the soil is slightly moister than that inhabited by its enemies. In a day or so it spins a silken cocoon around itself, and in three weeks it changes into a

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

New Zealand, on a vote for a change of the licensing system, has come within 3263 votes of a majority for Prohibition.

#### Peace Prize for Nansen

The Nobel Peace Prize for this year has been awarded to Dr. Nansen, who intends to spend the £7500 on behalf of his international tasks.

#### Typewriting Record Broken

Miss Millicent Woodward, of Mansfield, the most rapid typist in Europe, has just beaten her own record by typing 276 words in one minute.

#### Playing With Ten-Pound Notes

Two Southwark children were playing with pieces of paper which they were tearing up, when it was discovered that these were £10 notes. The numbers were known, and the Bank of England replaced them.

In an experiment in Pennsylvania a railway locomotive, hauling 33 cars, was started by means of a wireless wave.

#### November Wild Flowers

In a distance of two miles a teacher and two pupils gathered, near Hereford, during an afternoon, 66 different specimens of wild flowers.

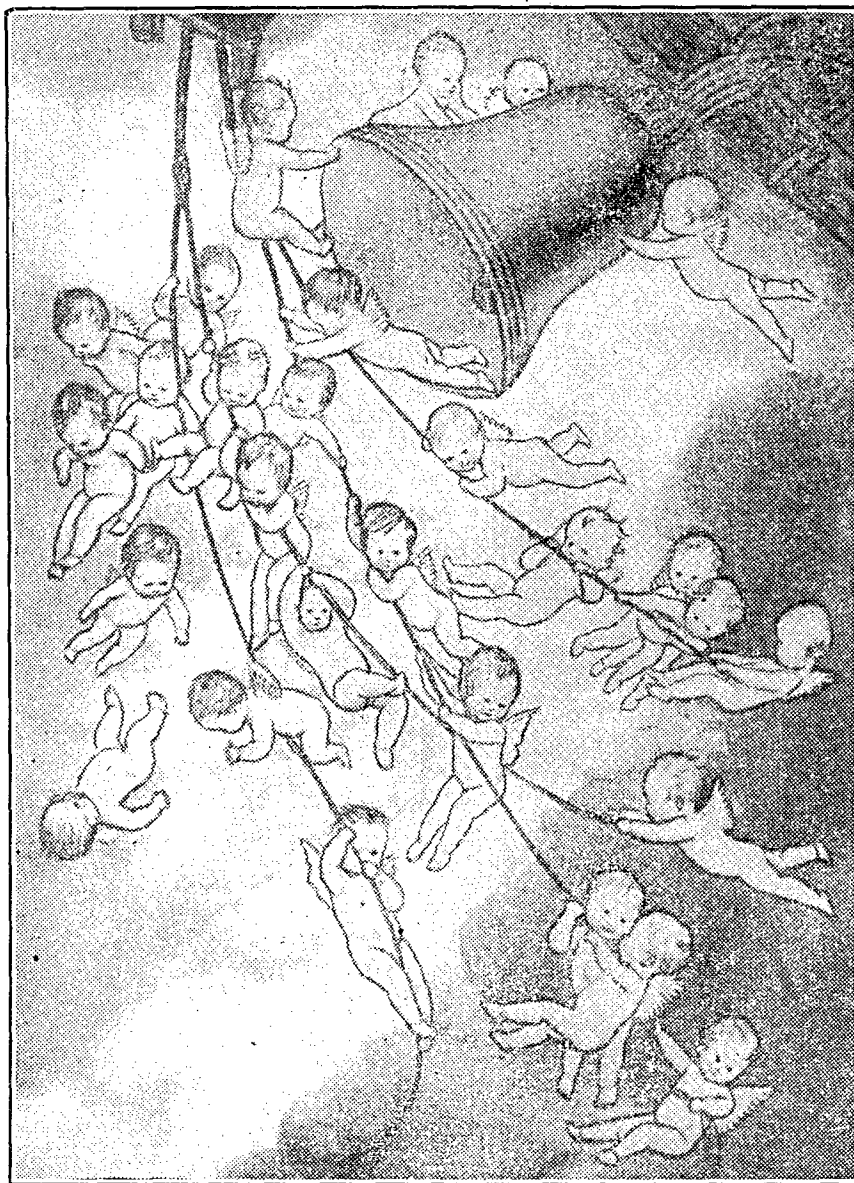
#### Rat Throws 600 Men Out of Work

A fire at a Sheffield steel-works that threw 600 men out of work for a time is believed to have been caused by a rat gnawing an electric cable.

#### Fish that Come When Called

At Ayscough Lake, Spalding, the perch have been so tamed by the gardener that they come to the surface when he splashes the water, and feed out of his hand. They even let him tickle their noses.

## THE NEW YEAR COMES A-RINGING



Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out a slowly dying cause  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Continued from the previous column

pupa. Three weeks later the pupa, which possesses a strong set of jaws, bites its way out of the cocoon and wriggles up through the soil to a suitable position below the surface of the ground. Here it waits till the weather tells it the time has come to cast its pupal covering before emerging, about sundown, into existence in the air as a lacewing moth.

Emerging suddenly from the soil, the moth scurries off to find a suitable perch where it can rest and expand its wings. Some run to the nearest tree trunk or post and settle from one to three feet up.

Then the wings expand so rapidly that by the time the insect has come to rest the wings are usually fully formed. When the sun has set the lacewings vibrate their wings rapidly and fly off into the night like ghosts. But after all those months, or even years, occupied in

developing into the perfect insects none lives more than two or three days, and some only the same number of minutes.

By an uncanny and yet unerring instinct legions of enemies proceed to get ready to catch these lacewings when they emerge from the ground. Huge spiders hastily spin new webs in likely places or strengthen their old ones; battalions of ants crawl up tree-trunks and posts, and assume attitudes expressive of expectancy, while frogs even waddle into suitable positions.

So, as the lacewings emerge, their enemies pounce upon them and wage swift warfare throughout the night. In the morning birds hastily devour them, so that early in the day fully half the swarm has vanished.

But that does not matter much, for the most useful part of their changeable career was spent in seeking as food the larvae of the destructive cockchafer beetle.

## KU KLUX KLAN WHAT SHOULD LOUISIANA DO?

The Difficult Puzzle that the  
United States Must Solve

### A SILLY SOCIETY THAT WORKS IN SECRET

The American Republic has a curious problem to settle just now. What can it do, and what should it do, with Ku Klux Klan?

The name is as silly as the idea of it is bad. The Ku Klux Klan is a secret society, revived from the days of the Civil War, now springing up from the State of Louisiana and spreading to adjoining, and even distant, States.

The members of the society, or conspiracy, come together professedly to do work for the public good. They say there are evils which need repression, and that, as the government of the State is too weak to suppress them, this new society will undertake the task.

#### Thrusting Aside the Government

How far some of the things complained of are evils is a matter of opinion, but it is quite clear that some of the interferences by the Ku Klux Klan are bad in fact and in principle. For instance, antagonism against races that are not distinctly white is bad; and religious persecution is bad. Both these interferences are alleged warmly against the Ku Klux Klan.

But worst of all is the attempt to thrust aside the government and terrorise the public by means of a secret society working in darkness on the borderland of crime.

The first condition of wise and strong government is that it should be open and that everyone under it should be able to convince himself of its honesty. Nothing of the kind can exist in a secret society like the Ku Klux Klan. It is based on a cunning distrust—the very worst spirit for commanding right conduct and willing obedience.

#### An Appeal for Help

But Louisiana and several neighbouring States are honeycombed by the workings of Ku Klux Klan. So much is this the case that the State doubts its power to govern and has made an appeal to the Federal Government to help it to crush the secret use of force.

The most delicate thing that can be done by the United States Federal Government, however, is to interfere with any duties that belong to the State rather than to the country as a whole, and though Louisiana, in its weakness, may wish for help to put down this secret evil pretending to be good, other States might resent being interfered with from Washington.

#### Creating Dark Conditions

What the members of the Ku Klux Klan do not see, apparently, is that they are doing a childish thing that goes naturally only with the mental state of savages or of very small boys fascinated by a pretence at mystery; that they are creating dark and obscure conditions in which all kinds of evils and injustices may spring up; that they are undermining the very foundations of open, just and fearless popular government, and are joining in the word-wide tendency to use secret, irresponsible force in regulating human affairs.

All this is the very opposite of freedom of spirit and purity in action, and for the sake of the dignity of America and her moral power in the world it is hoped that we may see a speedy end of this Ku Klux Klan.

## JOKE THAT CAME TRUE

### AUSTRALIA'S PRICKLY PEAR FARM

Will a Pest Lead on to Fortune?

#### ENEMY BECOMES A FRIEND

An amusing story is told in Cambridge of an Australian officer who stayed there for a time during the war, and who, wishing to impress a girl acquaintance with his wealth and importance, said he drew an income from a prickly pear farm which he owned down under.

The lady, of course, did not know that the prickly pear is one of the greatest pests with which the Australian farmer has to contend. It is a cactus with spiny leaves, and thousands of pounds are spent every year in trying to rid the land of it.

But now an extraordinary thing has happened. The Australian's joke proves not to be such a silly joke after all. A prickly pear farm may soon cease to be a bait with which to gull the simple, and may become a real source of great wealth; and this marvellous change has been brought about by a clever South African farmer who owned a prickly pear farm.

#### Difficulties of the Farmers

South African farmers have two great difficulties to contend with. One is the spread of the cactus plant, which has ruined tens of thousands of acres of valuable land in the Union, and the other is the difficulty of obtaining motor spirit at anything like a reasonable price.

Both these difficulties are now in a fair way to be solved, for an Orange Free State farmer has discovered a commercially profitable way of obtaining power alcohol from the prickly pear.

The farmer in question had read that scientists had obtained alcohol from this plant, and he began to make experiments. He collected all the prickly pears in his neighbourhood, and, by a process of his own, converted these into a motor spirit, which he distributed among his friends. They tried it in their cars and tractors, and found that it worked as well as petrol.

#### Cheap Motor Spirit Coming

After further experiments and tests a great public trial was held in Bloemfontein, and all the experts declared that the new fuel was equal, if not superior, to the best petrol. Government analysts examined it, and certified it free from any agencies likely to injure the motor engines.

When the inventor of the new process began his experiments petrol was costing the South African farmer six shillings a gallon; this fuel sold at two shillings a gallon, and when it is manufactured on a large scale it will probably cost much less.

There are over two million acres of fertile land lying useless in South Africa because it is infested with the prickly pear, and now it looks as though this land were going to prove a source of great wealth to the Union.

#### Romance of a Great Discovery

It is expected that the two million acres will yield about 350 million gallons of motor spirit a year, and, as South Africa's present annual consumption is only about 12 million gallons, there should be a surplus of 338 million gallons for export to other lands.

Australia will, no doubt, follow suit, and so, before long, the British Empire may be producing within itself all the motor spirit it needs.

The only obstacle to be overcome apparently is that of collecting the prickly pears, but certainly some way of doing this economically will be found.

It is a wonderful romance, and not the least extraordinary thing about it is that an Australian officer, making a joke with a girl friend, should have fore-shadowed, all unknowingly, one of the greatest discoveries of recent times.

## Wars Stopped by the League

### HOW IT WORKS WHEN IT GETS THE CHANCE

#### Hard Cases Settled when Politicians are at the End of Their Resources

#### EIGHT "IRISH PROBLEMS" SOLVED BY THE COUNCIL OF GENEVA

It is often said that the League of Nations is a dream; but, if so, it is a dream fast coming true. It is said, also, that the League has done nothing, but the truth is that the League has done great things.

Commander C. B. Fry, who believes in the C.N. for the future of England, and in the League of Nations for the future of the world, here tells us something of the wars the League has stopped already.

There were eight problems as difficult as our Irish problem, he says, which the League has settled; and here he tells us of some of them.

What should we all be thinking now of the League of Nations if some two years ago the League had been able to step in and settle for us our terrible and tremendous Irish Question? No words would be good enough for the League, would they? Think of all that would have been saved—the lives, the misery, the waste, the hatred, the bitterness.

We islanders do not even yet appreciate the League, at its true value because we do not realise what the League has actually done. Do you know that in Europe there are some eight important countries who have had a sort of "Irish Question" either settled or as good as settled by the League? By "Irish Question" I do not mean, of course, exact parallels to Ireland, but bitter disputes involving similar perilous and perplexing situations.

#### Islands of Vital Interest

In the Baltic Sea you will find the Aaland Islands, between Finland and Sweden. These islands have always been of vital interest in the mind of Sweden because from old Sweden has lived under conscious fear of Russia, and the islands form a menacing and dominating forward base for Russian naval operations.

You can see the position of affairs if you imagine the Channel Islands, or Scilly, or even the Isle of Wight, occupied before the war by Germany. A real and insistent menace it would be.

Well, after the war, with Finland independent, a serious quarrel arose between that country and Sweden. The islands belonged to Finland, but the inhabitants wanted to be separated from Finland and to be incorporated with Sweden. Sweden retained its old-established fears and claimed a plebiscite.

#### League Saves the Situation

Finland was insistent on its territorial sovereignty, and so a complicated and serious disagreement arose, a problem very difficult and delicate, which became so acute that Sweden and Finland were actually on the verge of war.

If this war had broken out after 1918 who knows how and where it might have spread or who else would have been involved? But the League saved the situation and solved the problem. Great Britain exercised "its friendly right" under the League Covenant to bring to the attention of the Council a circumstance threatening to disturb international peace, and the Council decided that Finland should have sovereignty of the islands, that the people should be provided with guarantees of their freedom, and that the archipelago should be neutralised and not fortified. All parties agreed, and the League guarantees the full observance of the pact.

#### Wars and Rumours of Wars

An even greater triumph was the settlement of the famous question of Upper Silesia. Silesia was a kind of leg of the German Empire, stretching down in the south-eastern corner between Austria and Poland. The very name echoes with old wars and rumours of wars, and the very soil breathes the spirit of conquest and re-conquest between Poland, Austria, and Prussia. The district is highly valuable, one of the main coal and industrial districts of former Ger-

many. Moreover it was a hot-bed of inter-racial bitterness, with its large, mixed population of Germans and Poles and Czechs.

After the war, under the Treaty of Versailles, it was to be divided up by a plebiscite, but tremendous troubles arose, and while the settlement was being considered a Polish insurrection broke out under General Korfanty. Poland dismissed Korfanty, but his troops continued to overrun the country. War was imminent.

#### A Thorny Problem Settled

Then the Supreme Council handed over the trouble to the League, and the League obtained the confidence and cooperation of the disputants, so that this most difficult and thorny problem was settled. I heard the Japanese Viscount Ishii eloquently tell the story of this triumph, in which he was concerned, to the League Assembly at Geneva. You could almost have heard a feather fall till the acclamations of 150 picked statesmen from fifty nations resounded through the hall. And they say the League scarcely exists!

I myself, too, heard an Albanian delegate in the Assembly return thanks in moving terms for what the League had done for his country. He told how Albania, which almost immemorially had lived under arms, with armed soldiers on the frontiers and armed men in the fields and streets, is now peaceful and free from fear, building roads and schools, and entering on a new era of happiness and prosperity.

#### War Averted

After the war there had been boundary disputes, the Greeks and the Serbians had made irruptions, and a Serbian army was actually across the Albanian frontier. It was war. But Great Britain, under the Covenant of the League, asked the Council to consider using the League's power of economic blockade, and the invaders withdrew; a commission obtained conciliation and cooperation, and Albania at last ceased to live as an armed camp.

There is a similar story about a difficult quarrel between Poland and Lithuania, a large nation now, about the town of Vilna. It has not been quite finally settled, but war has definitely been averted.

#### The Only Hope of Peace

Again, I heard a Bulgarian Deputy last September declare that his country owed to the League its relief from a dangerous dispute and severely strained relations with its neighbours—troubles which might have developed into war. You could not mistake this Deputy's sincerity; he spoke with deep feeling.

When one has worked inside the League, when one knows first-hand such facts as these, one can scarcely credit the indifference and inertia of British people toward this great body, which is the only hope of peace that Europe has.

You who read the C.N. every week will now be able to tell the sceptics that they are in error, and why—though I have told you only a small part of what the beneficent power of the League has actually accomplished. For the peace of the world the League is "the Only Way."

## OUR DAILY BREAD

### THE GRASS WHICH BUILDS US UP

#### The Fascinating Story of the Miracle of Wheat

#### FROM SEED TO BREAKFAST TABLE

By Our Economic Correspondent

The history of mankind tells us of no process older, more essential, or more universal than the growing, grinding, and baking into loaves of wheat and its kindred grasses. So said Sir Daniel Hall, the chief scientist of the Ministry of Agriculture, in a lecture the other day on the history of wheat.

It is fascinating to think of the story of a grain of wheat from the seed bed to the breakfast table; there is still much to learn, however, about wheat growing, and great improvements are being made.

We have to realise that unless the world learns to raise larger crops the population can increase no further.

#### Economy in Sowing

All sorts of curious problems arise in connection with wheat growing. For example, it is customary in this country to use for seed about two and a half bushels of wheat to an acre. From an acre sown with two and a half bushels of seed-wheat we obtain an average yield of 32 bushels of wheat, or about 13 times as much as our seed.

It is hoped, however, greatly to reduce the waste in sowing. There is no need to sow two and a half bushels of seed to an acre, and it is said that with a proper machine to space out the seeds an acre needs only one bushel of seed. If farmers would make this economy, we should save about five per cent. of our home-grown wheat supply.

Very interesting are the varieties of wheat, and in late years much progress has been made in producing new varieties for special purposes. There are wheats that ripen early and wheats that ripen late; there are wheats with tall straw and wheats with short straw; there are wheats with big grains and wheats with small ones.

#### Science Helps the Farmer

The scientists are now turning out wheats to suit soils, because soils vary so greatly, from stiff clay to light sand. Wheats are also produced which have not only stout straw but power to resist the diseases that attack the grass family.

Professor Biffen, of Cambridge, has made many British wheatfields yield more than ever before by supplying them with suitable seed. This good work is going on, so that presently every farmer, no matter what sort of soil he is cultivating, will be able to obtain a suitable seed.

A curious quality of wheat is known to millers as *strength*. It is the quality that gives us the plump, good-looking loaf, and foreign wheats have this quality much more than the English ones. It is hoped, however, to remedy this defect in our native production.

#### A Daily Miracle

The problems of manuring and of weeds have also to be carefully studied. The difficulty about increasing yield by manuring is that wheat has a tendency to tumble over on very richly manured land; this the scientist tries to meet by breeding a stronger straw.

We can gather from this what a debt we owe to the thoughtful men who study things that appear simple to the uninitiated, but are really very difficult and complicated. Our daily bread, coming from farms at home and abroad, is really a miracle. At every point the wringing of enormous quantities of food from the soil is an endless combat, which we may realise the better when we know that it has been shown by experiment that wheat, left uncultivated to sow itself, entirely perishes in three years through being choked by weeds.

## THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

## DUBLIN

## CAPITAL OF THE FREE STATE

During the year 1923 The Week in History will be replaced in this column by The Week in Geography, some place being described that is under immediate public notice. Of course, Geography is closely linked everywhere with History, and often with the lives of famous people.

As the first place to be observed we choose Dublin, the capital city of the Irish Free State, watched with keen interest for some time past, and sure to be watched by all the world for some time to come, as the scene of a modern experiment to create a peaceful Ireland.

Dublin and Belfast are racing each other for the distinction of being the most populous city in Ireland. Each is hovering in the neighbourhood of 400,000 people. Whatever gap there is between the two is being closed up by the industrial prosperity of Belfast.

The feeling that comes most strongly over the widely-travelled stranger who visits Dublin is that it is not as prosperous as he would like to see it. It has an air of having seen better days.

## A Noble Site

It seems like a real capital city, a suitable portal to a land of its own, but lacking something, and having a subdued tone of sadness. Perhaps Irishmen do not feel this, but sympathetic Englishmen do.

For one thing its site, as one approaches it from the sea, is fine, and yet not quite fine enough. Judged by its surroundings, it is a noble site. Dublin Bay is a sickle-like sweep of coast, round from the bold promontory Howth Head northward to Dalkey Island southward, while farther inland are the Dublin County mountains, and southward the shapely Wicklow Hills. Yes; Dublin is set in a fine frame; but its actual site is flat and somewhat characterless.

But the city, though compact in the central part, and even compressed, gives an impression of spaciousness through the broad central main street from North to South, crossing the open river Liffey running from west to east, and the central bridge (O'Connell's) having an open view in all directions toward the principal historic buildings.

## City's New Career

The feeling of unsatisfactoriness in Dublin, notwithstanding its approach to dignity, is due to an aspect of decay, and a backward look into memories rather than a forward look toward revival and vigour. It has been built to be a capital city and social centre, and has not sustained the effort. It has not been adaptable enough to become a striving industrial place.

Dublin has a history that recalls nearly the whole history of Ireland. It has been the chief gateway of entrance for friend and foe. Through it the Danes seized the country when they were at the height of their power, and through it the English followed and made Dublin Castle the symbol of alien rule.

## Glamour of the Past

Its memories are rich. Few cities have such an array of statues or memorials that have been well deserved—Strongbow, Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Berkeley, Whately, Tom Moore, Daniel O'Connell, Grattan, cast a glamour over the city.

Dublin, indeed, is strong in glamour; what it wants is solid business. Its tangible products are not the most promising—whisky, stout, porter, biscuits, and a diminishing manufacture of Irish poplins are not a sound basis for prosperity, when the trade left is almost wholly Irish, and British participation is lessened.

But one cannot help feeling that a city which has every institution that civilisation has evolved, two ancient cathedrals and two archbishops, two universities, a national library, a new parliament, and a new start, will soon see the wisdom of making a wise choice between an excess of sentiment and a lack of business.

## BUYING NEWSPAPERS

## WITH BREAD

## MAKESHIFT MONEY

## Back to the Barter Out of Which Trade Grew

## A FIELD AS A PURSE

We all know that in places like Russia and Austria money has ceased to have any serious value. A lady and gentleman just returned from Germany tell us of first-class travel far and near over the railways there, for the German equivalent of about 15 shillings. Such a sum, paid in marks, by natives, would be impossible. Germans cannot travel.

How do people manage where money has ceased to buy? One of the Breslau journals informs its readers that in future the price of the paper per month will be one pound of bread per copy.

In larger transactions, such as important advertisements, and so on, the unit of value is a hundredweight of rye.

If the facts were not so tragic we might be disposed to laugh at this, but the method is, of course, as old as trade. The world is witnessing, in the heart of civilisation, a return to the form of exchange out of which all commerce grew, a method still in operation over large areas of the world.

## Where Shells are Money

The boy who exchanges marbles for a pocket-knife begins where the merchant princes of former times left off. In fact, the old system of barter governs all the greater international transactions today. Nation does not pay nation in cash, but in produce or service.

Still, we must all have something for immediate use. Cowrie shells are money to millions in Africa and parts of Asia. An Act of Parliament was passed nine years ago giving the natives of British West Africa silver coins in place of their shells.

If the coinage was a success we do not know, but a Government official reported that natives of Northern Nigeria were wearing the new silver pieces bored and strung together as ornaments, and were still trading with cowries.

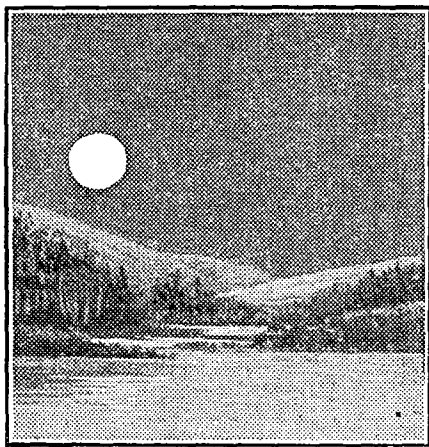
## Buying Goods with Salt

Salt is current coin in many parts of the world. In Abyssinia a man of means travels with bars of it loaded upon his ass, and slices off a fragment to pay for whatsoever he would have. A crisis arises when the ass comes to a stream, lies down in it, causes the salt to dissolve, and leaves the poor merchant bankrupt!

Even within the British Empire exchange is still common in place of money. When Robert Lowe came home from Australia to be Chancellor of the Exchequer he explained how matters were conducted up-country where money was scarce. He found bills of exchange in use, as they were in Babylon and Assyria two and three thousand years ago; but where that was inconvenient men used sheep and cattle as cash.

"After big deals a man had to hire a field to put his money in," said Mr. Lowe.

## THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 6 p.m. on January 2

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

## How is the Quince Propagated?

By layers and cuttings, and approved sorts are perpetuated by grafting.

## Is the Duck-bill of Australia a Mammal?

Yes; it is one of two mammals that lay eggs, the other being the echidna.

## Can a Mole See?

Its eye is so extremely small as to be easily overlooked, but it is sensitive to light. Beyond that it is doubtful if it sees.

## On What Should a Chameleon be Fed?

On flies or any small insects that may be available. These should be placed near it, when it will catch them with its tongue.

## Is the Moon Always the Same Distance From the Earth?

No; the distance varies between 251,947 miles, the greatest distance, and 225,719, the least distance. The mean or average distance, is 238,793 miles.

## What is All-Hallows Eve?

It is the day before All-Hallows Day, another name for All Saints' Day, an ancient feast of the Church, when all the faithful remembered and invoked their patron saints.

## Is there a Hairy Caterpillar that Hibernates?

The familiar woolly bear, the caterpillar of the common tiger moth, hibernates in the winter and, coming out in the spring again, feeds till it is fully grown. Then, in July, it spins a web and turns into a chrysalis.

## What is the Origin of the Word Mascot?

We took the word from the French, where mascotte was originally a slang expression for something bringing good luck. It is traced to the Portuguese word mascotto, meaning witchcraft.

## Which of the Monkeys is Nearest to Man?

Of all the large man-like apes scientists regard the chimpanzee as the nearest approach to man in bodily structure. The gorilla comes next, and the orangutan third.

## Is the Story of Bishop Hatto and the Mice Historical?

No; the same story is told of other persons and places, and the Rev. Baring Gould in his Curious Myths of the Middle Ages traces its origin to a human sacrifice offered in time of famine. The real Bishop Hatto was by no means a hard-hearted prelate.

## Why is it Colder up a Mountain When We are Nearer the Sun?

The atmosphere is warmed very little by absorbing the Sun's rays as they pass through. Its chief source of heat is radiation by the Earth's surface, that is, the Earth throwing out the heat it has absorbed; hence the nearer the Earth's surface the greater the warmth.

## Why Has a Guinea-pig no Tail?

The disappearance of the guinea-pig's tail in the course of evolution is similar to the disappearance of other parts of the body in other animals, as, for instance, the toes in the horse, but exactly what led to this disappearance no one can say. The guinea-pig has a rudimentary tail visible only on anatomy.

## Does a Growing Hair Derive Nourishment From the Body?

Certainly, for the hair is only a portion of the skin converted into a horny substance and concentrated into a shaft. As the hair grows, either with or without cutting, it is supplied with new material from below, the nourishment for this being supplied by the food we eat.

## Are the Pleiades Sometimes Called the Seven Sisters?

Yes; but although some ancient authors mention seven stars in this group as being visible to the naked eye, Homer speaks of only six, and six is the number visible to most people. Some very keen-sighted people, however, have been able with the naked eye to discern 12 and even 14. An ancient tradition says that seven stars were originally visible, but one disappeared at the taking of Troy. They were named after the seven daughters of Atlas.

## THE BRILLIANT

## GOAT STAR

## GIANT SUNS CIRCLING ROUND ONE ANOTHER

## Single Point of Light Made Up of Two Globes of Fire

## A FURNACE OF FIERY TUMULT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Observers when looking for the celestial glories of Perseus recently described in the C.N., will doubtless have noticed the beautiful bright star to the east of it.

This is Capella, the chief star of the constellation of Auriga—the Waggoner, as he is sometimes called, though a Shepherd appears to be nearer the representation, for Auriga is shown holding a goat and a kid. Capella, representing the goat, is sometimes known as the Goat Star.

This beautiful orb is almost overhead about 9 o'clock, and as it is the brightest star up there it is easily identified.

Now, though it appears but a single star to the eye, and even in a telescope, it is known to be composed of two great suns, such giants that each one of them could contain 1200 of our Sun, having been calculated to be between eight and nine million miles in diameter.

## Measuring the Stars

These immense fiery globes are similar to our own Sun in constitution and stellar development; that is, they are what is known as type A, from an analysis of their light.

Probably no star has received so much attention during the last two years as Capella, for it was the wonderful success of the interferometer method of measuring the distance between the suns at Mount Wilson Observatory that led the way to measuring the diameters of stars themselves for the first time.

Through even the most powerful telescope Capella only appeared as one elongated star, but the spectroscopic analysis of its light had shown that there were actually two suns, for the lines of Capella's spectrum, as its broken up rainbow-tinted band of light is called, were doubled, and it was possible thus to tell that each sun sped round in an orbit once in 10.4 days, the movement of these faint lines indicating this.

## A Wonderful Instrument

As to how large or how far apart they were there were only mathematical reasons for inferring, until the famous interferometer was brought to bear on Capella, when it was proved beyond doubt that there were two colossal suns.

Subsequent measurements, according to Professor H. N. Russell of Princeton University, a leading expert on star matters, showed these suns to be 81,300,000 miles apart. This distance, when seen from the Earth, represents but a twentieth of a second of arc—which, to the eye, about equals an inch placed at a distance of 65 miles.

Now, though these two suns of Capella are so much larger than ours, one is only about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  times and the other  $3\frac{1}{2}$  times as massive. This means that they have only this amount more material in them; so much of it being in a state of luminous vapour, which takes up much more room.

## Furious Magnetic Storms

The most recent and exact measurement indicates that Capella is three and a half million times as far off as our Sun. Its suns must radiate over 200 times as much light as our Sun, and the light takes 56 years to get here.

It is curious that these two suns of Capella should be almost as far apart as our tiny world is from our Sun; but what a terrific furnace of fiery tumult and furious electric and magnetic storms must exist between these two colossal suns! And what immense tides must each raise on the other.

It is considered, indeed, that their tides throw them permanently into the shape of a couple of eggs, pointing end to end, rather than two spheres. G. F. M.

# THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story  
With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges  
the C.N. Storyteller

## CHAPTER 50

### Ray Tries Again

A VERY brief examination of the footprints was enough.

"No; they're quite different," said Jimmy. "Both are about the same length, but Slogger's are broader and ever so much cleaner cut."

"And there's another difference," added Ray. "The other man is wearing rubber soles, and Slogger isn't."

"Well, that settles it," said Bob. "It settles it that the man in the Manor House wasn't Slogger," said Jimmy; "that is—unless he had changed his boots. But it doesn't make us any wiser as to who the chap really is."

"It isn't Arden, either," put in Bob. "His boots are a whole lot smaller. And I don't believe he'd risk having a big pair kicking about in the school."

"No; I'm pretty sure it's not Arden," agreed Ray. "For one thing he wouldn't have had the strength to lug Bob out of the cupboard in the way Slogger's double did."

"I'm jolly sure he wouldn't," agreed Bob.

There was a moment's silence. Then Jimmy spoke.

"We're taking a lot of trouble to find out who it wasn't," he growled; "but we're not getting any nearer finding who it was."

"The only thing to do is to try to follow up the prints," said Ray.

"And that's just what we haven't time for," replied Jimmy, glancing at his watch. "If we want to get our prep. done for afternoon's work we've got to skip along this minute."

"Then we must come down here again tomorrow," said Ray. "We've got to get to the bottom of this somehow or other."

"All right," said Jimmy; "but we simply can't wait now. You mustn't lose a mark to Hogan, Ray."

"No; you've got to get above him, Ray," added Bob, as they started back. "We're all backing you for the scholarship, old chap, and don't you forget it."

Ray did not answer. Not even Bob Dane knew how very urgently Ray needed that scholarship, for Ray had told no one except Jimmy of his father's illness and its serious consequences from a money point of view.

Short as the time was for preparation, Ray managed more than to hold his own that evening. As for Hogan, the events of the afternoon seemed to have upset him completely, for he broke down badly and missed questions and lost several places.

Ray and Jimmy had no chance for any further talk during that day; and next morning Ray, without saying anything to Jimmy, went off and interviewed Mrs. Hood, the matron, with whom he was rather a favourite.

But when he asked again to see Ferguson he was met with an absolute refusal.

"No, Mr. Cartwright, the doctor won't let anyone see him. Yes; he is better, but he is very weak, and as soon as he can travel he is going to be sent home. He got very excited the other day when you came, and it won't do." She paused. "Why are you so anxious to see him?" she asked.

Ray shook his head. "I can't tell you that, Mrs. Hood," he said, and went away.

He went straight off for a long walk by himself to think things over.

As a matter of fact, this business at the Manor House was getting on his nerves. For the moment he had almost forgotten Jimmy's trouble

with Slogger, but he had a sort of notion that Ferguson might be able to throw some light on the mysterious visitant, or at any rate to tell him whether Arden and Co. did or did not know anything of what was going on there; but as things were he couldn't ask him.

As he walked slowly back toward his class-room Ray was racking his brain over the mystery.

It was not Slogger; it was apparently not Arden. Could it be some friend of Arden's?

Glancing at the big clock in the turret, he saw that he had nearly half an hour before school. He had already prepared his work, and on the spur of the moment he made up his mind to run down to the Wilderness and see if he could make out where those tracks led. As there were very few people about he risked going out through the gates and made his way round without anyone spotting him.

It was a dull, foggy morning, and the mist hung thick above the low ground behind the school. Then just as he got near the trees he heard steps and saw someone coming. It was Beaky Sharp, the modern language master.

## CHAPTER 51

### Foxy's Friend

RAY knew that if he were caught out of bounds by Mr. Sharp he would not escape so easily as on the previous day, and he instantly ducked into the thickest of the undergrowth.

He crept cautiously in among some heavy laurels and crouched there motionless.

Mr. Sharp came past within twenty paces, but evidently he had not seen anything; and Ray breathed a sigh of relief as he saw him pass on and gradually disappear in the mist.

He waited a while, to be sure he was gone, then, just as he was coming out of his hiding-place, he heard fresh footfalls on the other side, and at once dropped down again.

Two people were coming, but who they were he could not see, for the laurels were as thick as a hedge.

The two came to a stop under a big yew tree not much more than a dozen feet from his hiding-place, and suddenly he heard Hogan's voice.

"Yes; we can talk here," he said sullenly. "Not that it's any good your worrying me. You can't get blood out of a stone."

"Can't get blood out of a stone, eh?" retorted Hogan's companion in a deep, harsh voice. "No; but I can break the stone."

"I'm broke already. I've told you so," answered Hogan. "And, anyhow, you know very well that I'm under age and you can't get money out of me."

"I know that well enough, you young scamp. So that's your idea of playing the game, is it? When you win I'm to pay you, but when you lose I can whistle for my money."

"It isn't that at all," retorted Hogan fiercely. "I've promised to pay you the three pounds just as soon as I have the money. But what I keep on telling you is that I haven't got it."

"You and your promises!" sneered the other. "I'm fed up with them. I've a mind to go straight to your master and tell him how you have been behaving."

"Then you won't get a penny," said Hogan fiercely.

"But you'll get the sack out of this school, Master Hogan," jeered the other.

Hogan was silent.

As for Ray, he felt horribly uncomfortable. But he could not move without being heard or seen, and there was nothing for it but to stay where he was.

"Well," said the stranger to Hogan, "if I hold my hand a while yet, when can you pay me?"

"Before the end of term," said Hogan. "As I told you before, I'm in for the scholarship, and I'm sure of it. When I get it I can pay you at once."

"But even if you do get this scholarship they don't pay you the money. It goes against your bills," said the man suspiciously.

"Yes, of course; but my father has promised me a tip of five pounds when I get it," replied Hogan.

"Five pounds, eh?" repeated the other. "Well, see here, my young gentleman, if I agree to wait I've got to have the whole of that precious five. That's only fair for the risk I take and by way of interest."

"Oh, anything you like!" replied Hogan wearily. "I can't kick."

The other laughed, and it wasn't a pretty sound.

"No; you can't, young fellow, and that's a fact. And I'll be here for my money the day after you get it, and don't you forget it. And if you fail me next time I'll have you up before your master. Sure as my name's Milsom, I will!"

"You aren't exactly improving my chances by all these threats, Milsom," replied Hogan. "And now sheer off and leave me alone. If anyone caught me down here with you there wouldn't be any need for you to go to the Head."

The man Milsom laughed again and made some sneering remark; then to Ray's great relief he went off, and Hogan walked quickly away in the direction of the school.

Ray crept out of his hiding-place, and got a glimpse of the stranger before he disappeared. He was a big, bulky fellow; and Ray at once began to wonder if it could be he who had made the old Manor House his headquarters.

But the school bell was already ringing, and there was no time left to find out.

## CHAPTER 52

### Methylene Dye

THE moment school was over Ray gave Jimmy a signal which meant that they were to meet at once in Ray's cellar, and a few minutes later Ray was eagerly telling his friend all about the conversation he had overheard in the Wilderness.

"It's just what I thought," said Jimmy, grimly. "Master Foxy has been betting and getting into trouble. No wonder he's so keen to collar the scholarship."

"But what about this chap Milsom?" asked Ray. "Can he be the man who is using this place? He's a big chap with big feet."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

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"I don't quite see why he should come here," he answered. "There's no object in it so far as I can see."

"There's no object in anyone using it except us," said Ray, in a sort of despair—"that is, unless it's got anything to do with the thefts. And we've searched the whole place over and over and found nothing."

"It is a rum go," allowed Jimmy. "I say, suppose we go round and look at my laboratory and see if anyone else has been in? I left a thread tied across the window last time just to make sure."

Ray agreed, and they went quietly to the upper passage, and then down into the old kitchen.

Jimmy went straight to the window.

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed sharply. "Someone has been here. The thread's broken."

"That's right enough," replied Ray. "Look at this!" He pointed as he spoke to a large, dirty piece of paper fastened against the wall. It was roughly printed in pencil, and read as follows:

"If you know what's good for you, you'll clear out and stay out."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Jimmy. "If that doesn't beat the band! I never heard such cheek!"

As he spoke he tore the notice down angrily and was about to crumple it up, but Ray stopped him.

"Don't do that, you idiot, Jimmy! Keep it carefully. If we can only find out who wrote it we've solved the mystery."

"I forgot that," said Jimmy rather sheepishly. "Here! You keep it."

Ray examined the paper carefully, but could make nothing of it, while Jimmy stood frowning, his forehead creased in puzzled lines.

Suddenly his face cleared.

"Ray," he said, "I've got an idea. He was so serious that Ray did not chaff, as he was at first inclined to do.

"Come back to your place," said Jimmy, and Ray followed him.

When they got back to the cellar Jimmy began rummaging among his chemicals, of which he had a lot. Indeed, he spent nearly all his pocket-money on buying them.

"You know I'm frightfully keen on coal tar dyes, Ray," he began.

Ray nearly smiled, but managed not to. Jimmy had talked coal tar to him by the yard ever since he had known him. At the same time Ray was a bit puzzled, for he did not quite make out what Jimmy was after.

Jimmy went on. "You've heard me speak of methylene dyes?" he said.

"Yes, rather," said Ray. "But how does that help us?"

"Wait, and I'll tell you. There's one of them that has no colour at all until it gets wet. Moisture, even touching it with a warm hand, brings it out a beautiful bright blue. Now do you see?"

Ray's eyes widened. "I've got a sort of notion," he said.

"You'll have more than a notion before I'm through," Jimmy assured him. "I believe I can make some of this stuff. Then what price putting some on the window-sill of the laboratory and seeing on whose clothes it shows up? What do you think of that for an idea, Ray?"

"It's a jolly good idea," said Ray. "Yes, Jimmy; it's a topping idea. But are you sure you can make it?"

"I can make it all right," declared Jimmy. "I've got the formula. It's the same one that Scotland Yard uses. The police trapped a thief in a big hospital with this dye stuff. It's a very fine powder when it's dry, and looks just like dust. It isn't till it gets wet that it shows up."

"Then you'd better make some as soon as you can," said Ray. "Can I help?"

"You needn't bother. You sit down and get on with your work. I'll get to it at once."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### Wopsy

"WOPSY, old fellow, take care of the mistress and the babies, and don't let any tramps put their noses inside the gates while I'm away."

Wopsy thudded his tail loudly. He was a grateful little terrier and he adored his master, and longed to show that he appreciated the blessings of a good home. Once he had been a starved little creature where food was scarce, times hard, and kicks more plentiful than friendly caresses.

Now people patted his head in the chummiest way, and on Sunday afternoons he went glorious runs where rabbit warrens abounded, and could always depend on a plateful of tasty scraps twice a day in the kitchen and on a bed near the hearth, where he dreamed of rat-hunts.

Now he was to be left in charge while this kind master went away, and he longed to show he was worthy of the trust.

He sat on the garden path and watched the road conscientiously. Nobody was in sight—not even the hated rags-and-bone man, who Wopsy was resolved should never enter the gates while he was in charge.

The postman came, and Wopsy strove to stifle his growls, because for some reason his master welcomed this impertinent person who dropped things through the letter-box without asking Wopsy's permission.

After dinner he grew drowsy, but never for a moment did he relax his watch, and he would have cheerfully given his juiciest bone if some savage tramp had appeared and given him an opportunity to prove what a brave little dog he was.

But no tramp came, only a peculiar smell, rather like scorching clothes, and a little puff of smoke that floated through the kitchen window.

Wopsy dashed in. A little red flame was creeping along the wooden rail where clean clothes hung airing.

Upstairs flew Wopsy—this was worse than tramps. He barked shrilly and his mistress scolded: "Hush! hush! You noisy little dog; you'll wake baby. What's the matter?"

Round and round flew the frantic little terrier, until his mistress impatiently put down her sewing and followed him downstairs; and then she grew as distressed as Wopsy.

There was a hose-pipe in the garden, and fortunately the baker came at the right moment and very kindly turned it upon the fiercely burning fire.

When the wicked little flames were quenched Wopsy minded the baby while his mistress mopped up the water, stopping every now and then to hug him.

He had the big mutton bone from the larder for his supper, and when his master came home the next day a happy little dog thudded his tail with rapture and trembled with pride when he heard, "Good for you, Wopsy! You're a real little brick!"



# Ring In the Thousand Years of Peace



## D! MERRYMAN

"I WONDER what is wrong with my watch?" said Father. "Possibly it wants cleaning." But his four-year-old son knew better.

"Oh, no, Daddie! It's quite clean. I had it in the bathroom yesterday and washed the works thoroughly."

### Do You Live in Lincoln?

THIS is sometimes said to be derived from the Old English lind, meaning a lime tree; but its original form is Lindum Colonia, and lind is a Keltic word, meaning pool or water. The name, therefore, means the Colonia, or Roman settlement, by the pool.

WHAT tree is older than other trees? The elder.

### Inkie's Winter Joke



INKIE, one cold winter's day, Formed a Brownie all of snow, With a broom and pipe complete, As the picture serves to show.

Then he fetched a friend of his Like himself in hue and height. "Let me introduce," said he, "Mr. Black to Mr. White!"

### Built-up Plants

A CARRIAGE and a people. A bird and an article used in riding. An animal and a part of our dress. A part of needlework and a fastening. A useful bird and poison. A spice and where money is coined. A property of sugar and a thorn.

Solutions next week



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke AUGUSTUS said to Marmaduke, "I know an apple store."

I think we'll go and help ourselves to something like a score." "We'll get a ladder," Marmy said, "and to the store we'll climb, And there among the apples we will have a jolly time."

They placed the ladder 'gainst the wall; and up Augustus went, And Marmy followed close behind, both on mischief bent.

Up they climbed, those naughty boys, and nearly reached the top. The ladder started then to slip, and Marmy cried out "Stop!"

Too late, alas! The ladder slipped, and came down with a run, The boys were sore for weeks, and so thought life was not much fun.

WHY is an egg underdone like one overdone? Because it is hardly done.

### Highroads to Health



### Football

WHY is the letter t like an island? Because it is in the middle of water.

### Magic Subtraction

THERE are many curious sums that can be done by juggling with arithmetic, but here is one that seems to be utterly impossible. It can be done, however.

Subtract 45 from 45 in such a way that 45 will be left. Solution next week

### Back to the Old Home

"DRIP, drip, drip," sang the water

As an icicle met with the sun. "Drip, drip, drip; I'm escaping. The door of my prison's undone."

"Drip, drip, drip," sang the captive, "I'll wander away from this tree, Down the hill, through the vale, to the river, And on to my home in the sea."

### Courage

AN old farmer who owned a very fierce bull kept it in a field beside the railway. One day he went into the field and found that the bull had escaped.

Looking around, he saw his bull standing in the middle of the railway track and preparing to charge an approaching express train.

The farmer gave a cheer, and threw his hat into the air.

"Well, I admire your pluck, old man," he shouted, "but I despise your judgment."

WHAT word of ten letters can be spelt with five? Expediency—X-P-D-N-C.

### What Am I?

I'm seen in the moon, but not in the sun;

I'm put in a pistol, but not in a gun; I'm found in a fork, but not in a knife;

I belong to the parson, but not to his wife;

I go with the rogue, but not with the thief;

I'm seen in a book, but not in a leaf; I stay in the town, but not in the street;

I go with your toes, but not with your feet. Solution next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### What Am I? Lock

#### Do You Live Here? Harrogate

#### The Restaurant Sign

The man said "You have left too much space between 'Luncheon' and 'and' and 'and' and 'Dinners'."

#### Who Was She?

The Sad Queen was Mary I of England

## Jacko's Resolutions

JACKO laid down his pen, leaned back in Sister Belinda's nice oak chair, propped his legs up on the new tablecloth, and read his manuscript over with pride.

It was a rather blotty manuscript; this is what Jacko read:

### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

"Tis better to be good than beautiful. I will try to be a beauty because Aunt Maria says I am good for nothing.

Being good for nothing doesn't pay.

I will help Belinda all I can—and myself, too.

I will be quick—jolly good excuse if I upset anything.

I will—

Jacko suddenly stopped, and swished his legs off the table. Belinda was calling upstairs:

"Jacko! I want you."

"Coming, Belinda, coming!" shouted Jacko.

He slid down the banisters with a bump—this was not in his new resolutions!

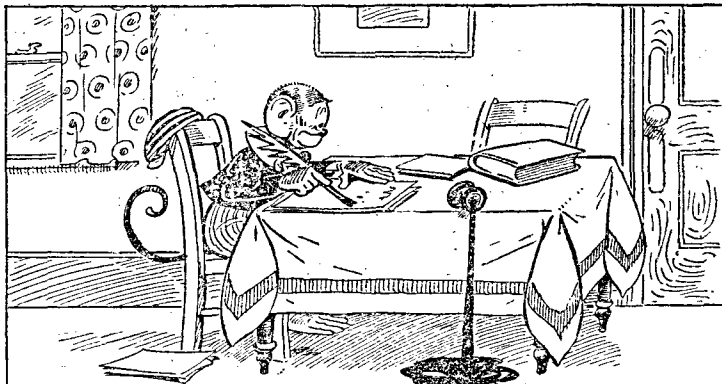
"Here we are again!" he chirped.

"Good gracious, boy, you frighten the life out of me! And taking all the polish off the banisters like that, too. I want you to run down to the post-office to buy some stamps."

"Cheerio!" said Jacko, grabbing up a shilling and his hat; and, leaving his precious manuscript on the hall table, he rushed out.

"What ever is all this scribble?" said Belinda to herself, picking up the paper.

"What tosh!" she said, as she read it. "And on my best



It was rather a blotty manuscript.

scented notepaper, too! I wonder what else he's been up to?"

She rushed upstairs and ran to the table. The inkpot was dripping big blobs of ink on the carpet, turned over by Jacko when he swished his legs off the table in trying to live up to his resolution to be quick.

"And he's taken one of my hat feathers for a pen!" wailed Belinda. "And he's been dipping it in the ink. Oh! Oh! And he's splashed the wall and spoiled my nice new cloth, and I shall have to use a pint of milk to get the ink out of the carpet. I'll give him New Year's resolutions, and a New Year stick, too, when I get hold of him."

And at that moment Jacko, who was going through the swing door of the post-office, paused to grin as he thought of Belinda reading his paper which he had left there on purpose.

"Serves her right," he chuckled; "she ought not to read other people's things."

But suddenly the swing door came back and caught him a whop in the eye that sent him bounding into an old lady, who was carrying a big basket of eggs.

The old lady shrieked; and Jacko, quick as lightning, flew down the road in his new yellow coat of yolk and egg-shells, back to Belinda's.

"Coo!" he muttered, as he looked back. "I've really truly done it this time. The whole town's after me!"

## Ici on Parle Français



Le canon Un Arabe Une étoile  
Le bruit du canon me fait peur  
L'Arabe voyage dans le désert  
L'enfant admire la belle étoile



Le chef de train La corneille La barbe  
Le chef de train donne le signal  
La corneille cherche sa nourriture  
Le Temps porte une barbe blanche

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

| TOWN        | BIRTHS | DEATHS |
|-------------|--------|--------|
|             | 1922   | 1921   |
| London      | 8365   | 9184   |
| Glasgow     | 2396   | 2632   |
| Belfast     | 959    | 1005   |
| Edinburgh   | 736    | 814    |
| Newcastle   | 628    | 690    |
| Leicester   | 405    | 428    |
| Cardiff     | 388    | 405    |
| Southampton | 305    | 310    |
| Norwich     | 225    | 246    |
| York        | 152    | 178    |
| Gloucester  | 104    | 110    |

The five weeks are up to Dec. 2, 1922.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### The Fog

WHEN Pat went to school in the morning it was a lovely clear day, and when he came out at twelve o'clock the fog was so thick he could scarcely see across the street.

Pat had never been out in a fog alone before, and at first he thought it great fun.

Then he banged into a baker's boy carrying a basket of bread, and the loaves rolled on to the muddy pavement.

"Clumsy!" cried the baker's boy. "Look what you've done! Ought to be out with your nurse, you ought, if you can't walk straight. I'll tell the policeman about you."

Pat was angry. Nurse, indeed! Why he had been going to school alone for weeks.

He helped the rude boy to pick up the loaves, and went on.

He turned a corner and then began to feel puzzled. It certainly was not the road where he lived; the houses were quite small and had no gardens.

"I've turned the wrong corner; what a silly I am!" thought Pat, and he ran back.

He turned to the right, and came to another road where the houses were bigger, but not one of them was his house, and then Pat knew he was lost.

It was rather dreadful, and everyone would call him silly, of course, and say that he ought to be out with his nurse.

There was a heavy tramp, tramp along the pavement; somebody very big and very tall was coming toward him.

"It's a policeman—that boy has told him!" thought Pat, and he began to run.

"Hi, there!" cried a loud voice, and Pat had to stand still and wait for the enemy.

"What's your name, and where do you live?" he asked, in a loud voice, and poor trembling Pat told him.

"You come along with me," said the policeman, and he



Pat stood still

took Pat's hand and led him down streets and round corners.

"There you are," the policeman said at last, and, instead of a prison, Pat found himself outside his own door.

He was scolded, of course, for not waiting for Jane to fetch him, but the nice part was that the policeman turned out to be Jane's cousin, and he and Pat are now great friends.

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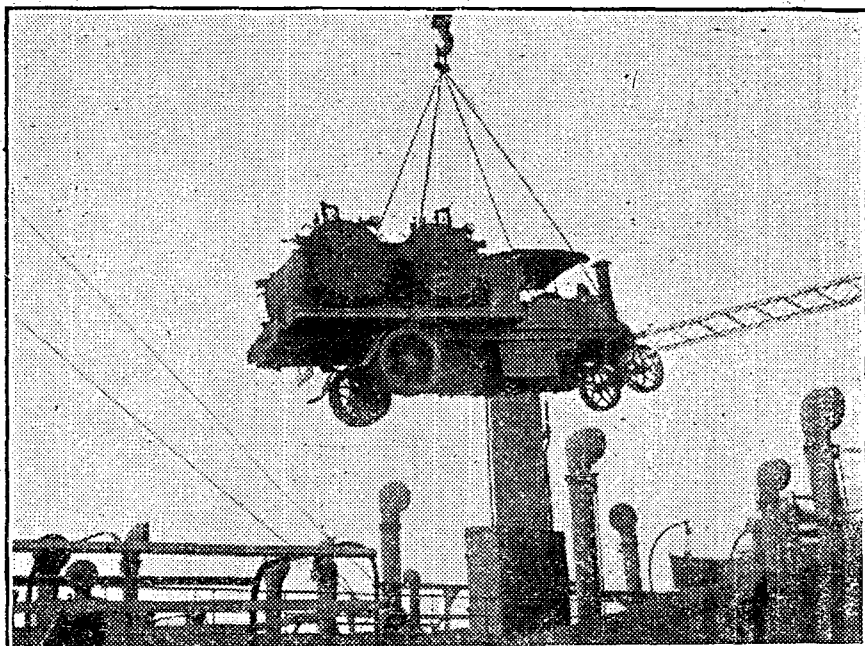
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December 30, 1922

Every Thursday, 2d.

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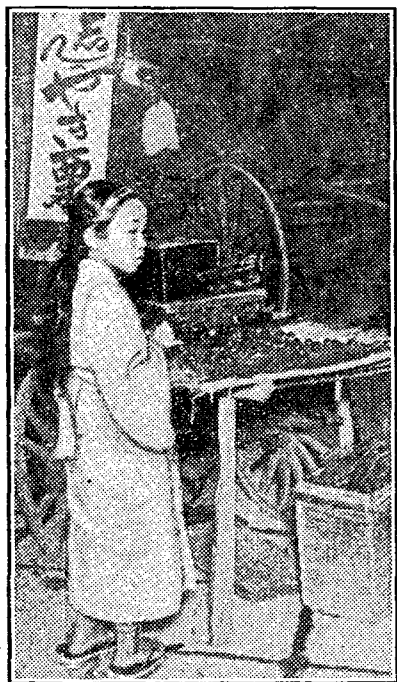
## TRACTOR GOES TO SEA • THE GREAT FIND IN EGYPT • A GIANT LOCOMOTIVE



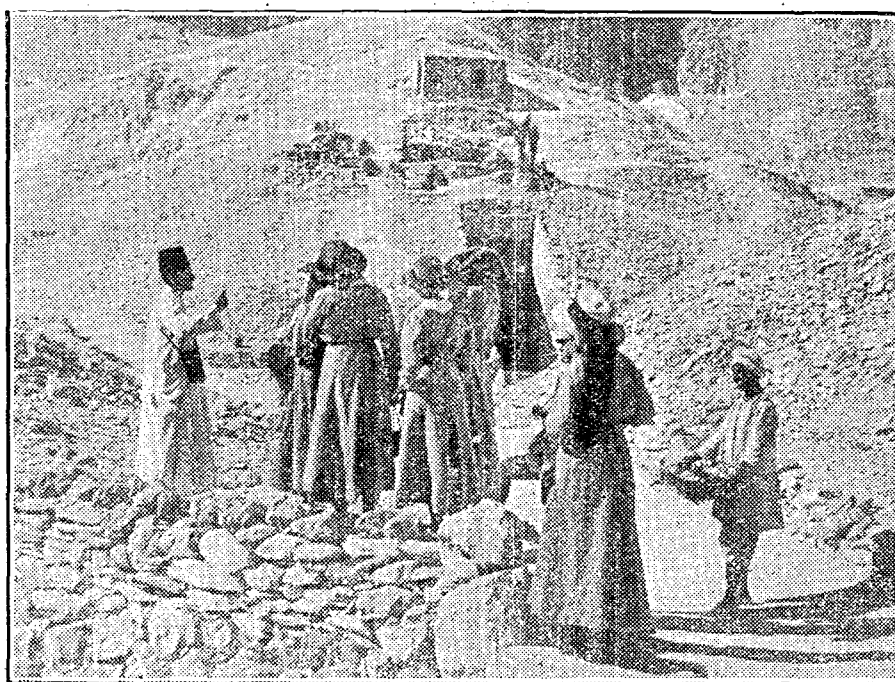
**The Tractor Goes to Sea**—This steam tractor with its load, which it is carrying from Ireland to England, is being swung on board a cross-Channel steamer for the trip across the Irish Sea



**The Family Crest Cut in Yew**—This striking example of clipped yews is to be seen at the home of Sir Ian Heathcoat-Amory, near Tiverton, and represents the dog on the family crest



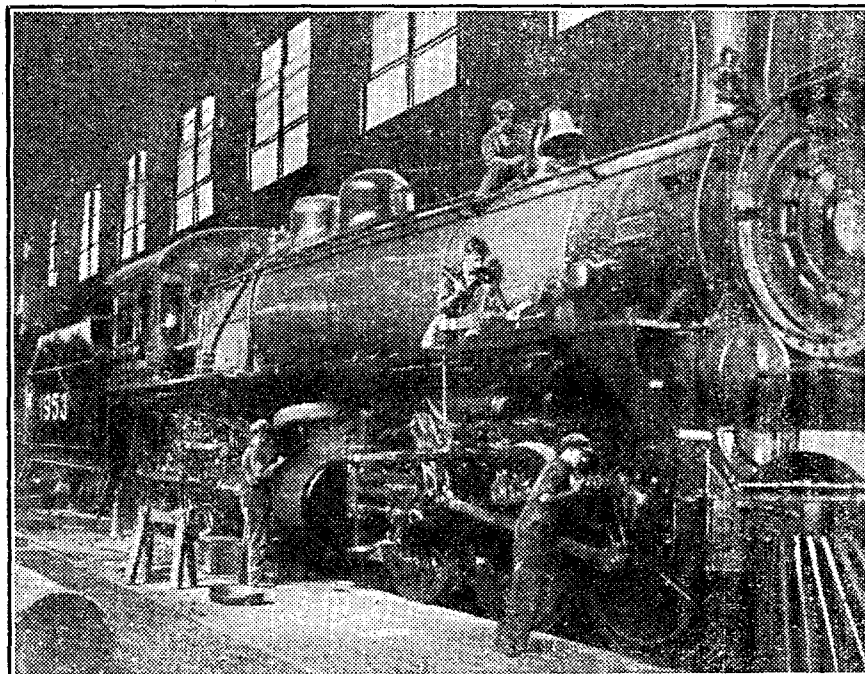
**Roasted Chestnuts in Japan**—As in England, so in Japan, the seller of roasted chestnuts is a very familiar sight in the streets of the towns at this season of the year



**Where the Great Egyptian Discovery Has Been Made**—This picture shows the tomb of Rameses VI in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt, underneath which some chambers have been unearthed filled with rare treasures of ancient art and life dating back 1350 years before Jesus was born. The king to whom the treasure belonged, Tutankhamen, is shown on page one



**Pussy Ready for Her Meal**—This beautiful cat won the second and third prizes in the open championship at the Crystal Palace Show, and a special prize for its fine eyes



**A Giant Engine**—Canada has some very powerful locomotives, and here we see a new giant of the Canadian Pacific Railway being finished in the company's building sheds at Montreal



**Feeding London's Pigeons**—London's public pigeons were never more popular than they are today, and scenes like this are familiar at St. Paul's Cathedral and at other busy centres

**ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE**

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